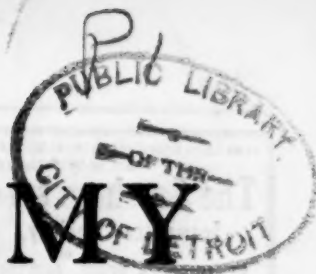


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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

IMPARTIALITY is the strong characteristic of the Coronation Honours List, which appears this week. Politics, the law, music, literature, medicine, the dramatic art, commerce—all are happily and with discrimination recognised as bearing necessary parts in the life of the nation, and the distinctions conferred are extended, it is pleasant to note, to those who carry on the work of Empire in distant lands. Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, becomes a baronet; the Hon. Andrew Fisher, Premier of Australia, and Sir E. Morris, Premier of Newfoundland, are made Privy Councillors; and the British Minister at Panama, Mr. C. C. Mallet, is knighted. All lovers of literature will be pleased to see Professor Walter Raleigh's name in the list of new knights, but perhaps the most popular choice will be that of Mr. George Alexander, who has given pleasure to so many thousands by the delicacy, restraint, and humour of his acting. Dr. Frederic Cowen and Sir Edward Elgar receive due recognition for their services in the cause of music, and Major Ronald Ross, who is possibly the greatest authority we have on the subject of tropical diseases, and whose investigations have entailed enormous labour, thoroughly deserves his K.C.B. To go through the long list in detail would be impossible, but for once, we imagine, small cause will be found for the tribe of grumblers to exercise their voices in protest.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, in proposing the toast of "Our Guests" at the dinner given by the Empire Press Union on Saturday last, remarked that he felt almost

inclined to apologise to the visitors for the aspect London now presented. He did not know "whether to compare it to the state of a city under siege or a patient in splints;" but at any rate on Thursday the capital of the Empire would present an appearance that "neither Babylon in its splendour nor Rome in its pride" could ever have equalled. True: neither Babylon nor Rome rejoiced in the possession of electric light in their palmy days, nor, we presume, had they reached that apex of decorative art which is signified by glittering glass stars and crowns and paper flowers. The trouble with London on these occasions, when the fever for ornament and illumination seizes her, is that she is patchy and incoherent, to say nothing of being inartistic. On the actual route of the Royal Progress the result of the combined decorations is far from pleasing to the beauty-seeking eye. Colours are used indiscriminately; shades of red which never ought to be allowed within a mile of each other appear on adjacent buildings, to the punishment of any onlooker with the slightest pretension to taste; one house is arrayed in purple and fine linen, the next is content with a box of geraniums and a blue flag. On the night of the illumination some fronts will be a blaze of light, others will be mere dark blots; some will be outlined in brilliance, others will show a single star or circlet of lamps.

Thus there is no coherence, no control over the enthusiasm of patriotic and loyal subjects anxious to contribute their quota to the general spectacle. In place of a well-considered scheme of decoration we find a heterogeneous exhibition of colours that often clash violently enough to send a shudder through an artist's sensibilities. There is no reason why the whole business of street and house embellishment on an historic occasion such as the present should not be under the direct supervision of an expert temporary official, chosen especially for his ability on the decorative side of art. Variety, we all agree, is charming, and the evolution of some regular theory of ornamentation to be applied to the streets through which the Royal Procession will pass should present few difficulties, and need not mean any uninteresting sameness or dull repetition. At present one proprietor spends, perhaps, a couple of thousand pounds on elaborate ideas, while his neighbour's expenditure is a modest twenty or thirty pounds. If all the contributions were massed in a common fund, and controlled by a man whose aim was the creation of an artistic whole, a genuinely beautiful route worthy of the King and Queen of England, what might not be accomplished in the way of blended hues and fantasy of light!

The labour troubles which were so significant and unfortunate a feature of last year seem to have affected a class of men who hitherto have been remarkably free from discontent—the mercantile marine—and the situation, which no one considered serious at first, has taken a somewhat grave aspect. Departures of liners at provincial ports have been seriously delayed; sailors, firemen, and stewards have unitedly refused to sign on without an increase of wages, and in some cases the dock-labourers have struck in sympathy with the seamen. At Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle, Leith, Southampton, and other shipping centres trade is disorganised, and as delay in delivery of consigned cargoes is generally a costly matter the owners are on the horns of a dilemma. It is to be hoped that the present week will see the cessation of hostilities. The English seaman is on the whole too good a fellow to become a prey to the "labour agitator," and it is possibly because so much of his time is spent away from the land and its harpies that he has fallen an easy victim to plausible speeches.

THE FESTIVAL

Within those solemn walls whose arches bend
 Over the sepulchres of England's dead—
 Heroes turned dreamers in a tranquil land,
 To-day the great who linger yet attend
 To set a golden crown upon his head,
 To place a jewelled sceptre in his hand.

And so, with stately ceremonial pomp,
 The King is crowned; but do we dream who find
 Within his realm a kinglier pageant still—
 Some tattered urchin pausing in his romp
 To loose a farthing banner on the wind
 And cry "God save the King!" with all his will?

So when to-night your triumphing bonfires burn
 High on the hills, and by your lips outsung
 Your eloquent homage to the stars is hurled,
 Still to his faithful poor our eyes shall turn,
 Before whose homes their loyal hands have hung
 A little lamp to illumine all the world!

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT—PRESIDENT

BY GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

(Late A.D.C. to Theodore Roosevelt)

"THE President appointed!" William Howard Taft was appointed to the Presidency of the United States by Theodore Roosevelt. A startling statement, that involves an indictment of the election system of the greatest Republic, where supposedly the voice of the people proclaims their choice of ruler. Nevertheless it is true. The voice of the people was strong and vociferous for Roosevelt, but the call came to deaf ears. To take up the burdens of the nation and run with them for seven years was the limit of his duty, said Roosevelt. But he must have a successor—a man who understood his system of proposed national evolution, and was in sympathy with it, as well as being available in other ways. And William Howard Taft was that man. But all was not smooth sailing.

In America a change of Administration is analogous to a change of Government in England. It brings about, however, a greater revolution in the *personnel* of the appointive offices. This is true even when the new Administration is of the same political faith as that which preceded it. This fact, added to the great popularity of Theodore Roosevelt, threatened to upset his plans for designating his successor, for those holding appointive offices, from high Ambassador to lowly fourth-class postmaster, lent encouragement to the idea that the then President should succeed himself. When President Roosevelt saw that many men high in the councils of the Republican Party were determined that he should serve again, with customary strenuousness he organised an opposition to himself, and so manoeuvred his forces that the Republicans in Convention nominated William Howard Taft for President. Such nomination was then tantamount to an election. Thus we have the President appointed.

Before we take up an analysis of his work as Chief Executive of the nation, let us review rapidly the posts Taft has held before. What we find remarkable is that they too were all appointive offices. His candidature was unique in that he had never been *elected* to any position before. From the time he was Collector of Internal Revenue to his accepting the War portfolio he was the choice of his superiors and not of the people. He was Judge, Solicitor-General, and Judge again before he became the first Civil Governor of the Philippines in 1901. This we fix as the date of the real beginning of his political career (he had been concerned with the judiciary before), for the opportunities of his position made for a development in the knowledge of the duties of an executive that fitted him for the different administrative offices which afterwards fell to his lot.

But this knowledge was not born without labour. As Civil Governor, it was inevitable that there should be friction with the military. You have the same thing in India. Then the gathering up of the loose ends of government as left by the Spaniards, and weaving them into a pattern of efficient administration, was no easy task. This Mr. Taft accomplished, and more than this; he settled the delicate question of the disposition of the Friar Lands after a personal interview with his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

Mr. Taft was appointed Secretary of War by President Roosevelt in 1904, and shortly became the most peripatetic Cabinet officer the country had ever known. We have no Colonial Office in America: the War Department does the work, so Mr. Taft soon became a sort of visiting physician who prescribed for the ills of our "insular possessions." (As a Republic we avoid "Colonies.") First, he visited Panama, to devise a working agreement that would allow the United States entire control of the canal construction. All Americans know how well he succeeded, and the rest of the world is awakening to a realisation of it. He helped Cuba through a revolutionary crisis. No, Cuba is not a Colony. It is a free, independent Republic. He journeyed to Porto Rico; things were tangled there. He straightened them. Next he went to the Philippines again, Japan, Russia, Europe, and once more made a triumphant return to Washington. Then, as we have seen, he became President.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every citizen the right to the pursuit of happiness and, as a corollary, the privilege of virulent criticism. All philosophers recognise the quality of happiness induced by the habit of criticism, so we should be a happy race, for it is given to us to criticise to the *nth* degree. What we have said about President Taft during the first year of his Presidency is literally unfit to repeat. He was accused of all the high crimes and misdemeanors of the day. He was a tool of the interests. Look at his multi-millionaire half-brother! He used his high office to forward petty spite. Why else should he wish to raise the postal rates on magazines? The magazines had criticised him. He was inordinately slow of decision (Roosevelt was arraigned for "snap judgments"). He sold the country's birthright for a mess of pottage—witness his modification of the conservation plans. And he stood for Ballanger! That was the last word until our foremost financier, who held the former President in about the same ratio of affection as the devil to holy water, declared "that he preferred Roosevelt as Presi-

dent; every one knew what to expect from him; but from this man [Taft], God alone knew what to expect!"

Thus we reached the ultimate of invective. The national question, "Has Taft made good?" was answered with a vibrant "No!" His best friends admitted they were disappointed.

Then came the change, the great reversal of decision. During the first months of his second year of office the country suddenly discovered that it was no complaisant Chief Executive of mediocre ability who sat in the White House. Instead, the people found they had a real head of Government, who initiated legislation and carried it through with equal aggressiveness to Roosevelt. William Howard Taft had policies of his own. He began with recommendations of minor importance, economy in Government Departments and an attack on the semi-sacred "pork-barrel." He then evoked the two great issues that will mark a new epoch. Reciprocity and Universal Peace—these are the Taft policies. He takes his stand squarely on the matter of preferential, and has dared, when the representatives in Congress of his own party failed him, to call to his aid his political enemies. He won the Democratic leader, Champ Clark (whose zeal outstripped his judgment) to the cause. He forced legislation through the Lower House, wherein the Democrats hold the balance of power, amid a chorus of opposition that drew a raucous echo from the Thames Embankment. And the solid and serious Mr. Bonar Law will wail in vain while the Canadian Reciprocity Bill receives the sanction of the American law-givers.

In the movement for universal peace President Taft has done more by the influence of his words and acts than any other national ruler. He went farther than the most enthusiastic advocate of Arbitration had heretofore dared when he made his famous declaration: "I do not see any more reason why matters of national honour should not be referred to a Court of Arbitration than matters of property or matters of national proprietorship." To arbitrate a question of national honour! There could be no point beyond this that would arise to perplex The Hague tribunal.

Mr. Taft is father of the "peace resolution" that passed the American Congress. This provides for the employment of international agencies for the purpose of limiting the armaments of the nations of the world, and of combining the navies of the world into an international force for the preservation of international peace. Since the failure of the Olney-Pauncefote Peace Treaty of fourteen years ago it has been impossible to broach the subject of an arbitration agreement between America and England until the present time. To-day we know that a Peace Treaty with Great Britain, free from all reservations, is being prepared, and such has been the tact and discretion employed in the preliminary discussions that its unanimous ratification by the Senate is assured. So we have President Taft as the true Apostle of Peace, one who does not halt in the realm of wise words, but who by his efforts brings into being results that prove the wisdom of his utterances.

Nations are moved by example, therefore it is safe to predict that the Great Britain-United States Arbitration Treaty will be but the forerunner of others similar in scope. Thus time will bring the peaceful organisation of the world, and the causes of civilisation will make an advance undreamed of twenty years ago.

After this disquisition dealing with the public life of

President Taft, my readers may be interested in the personal side of the American ruler. He holds in his physical self some indication of his habits of mind and character, but he is not deceived by his appearance of easy complaisance. He is a big man, six feet two, weighing seventeen stone, but he is not the easygoing, good-natured type that is always supposed to be a consequence of large body. That famous smile has deceived many. Judge Taft was severe, and inclined to the maximum penalty in criminal decisions. And when angry he "gets mad all over," if I may be permitted the American colloquialism. I remember, in Cuba, when a careless translation of one of his decrees as Provisional Governor put him in the position of legalising horse-stealing, an eruption followed which threatened to shake one of our famous generals from his high position, and left a score of minor officials on the verge of instant dismissal. He has that forcefulness which implies temper behind it to make it effective. His legal training has left an imprint on his character to the extent of making him weigh carefully the evidence on any question that it is his duty to decide. Naturally this means that slowness of decision for which he has been so unfairly criticised. President Taft can see the other man's point of view only too well; but once convinced in his own mind as to the correctness of his position on any subject, it is impossible to make him alter that position. His loyalty is proverbial, as is his capacity for hard work.

The President is a conversational orator, witty at times, earnest and emphatic always. Although fond of riding and walking, he finds in golf his greatest recreation, and while not in the "first sixteen" is still far from being a duffer at the game. Putting is his forte. After the toils of the day he often takes long walks about Washington accompanied only by one or two aids in mufti. An enthusiastic theatre-goer, the White House box is always filled once a week at the different theatres by President Taft and his family. The hospitality of the White House has been even more lavish than during its occupancy by Mr. Roosevelt, when Washington was supposed to have reached its social climax.

President Taft has great charm of manner, being democratic in the best sense, and it was, perhaps, the greatest triumph of the Roosevelt Administration that gave to the American people a man with the large mental capacity and strong forcefulness as shown in the personality of William Howard Taft—President.

THE CLAIM OF MARRIED WOMEN UNDER THE STATE INSURANCE BILL

"It has been necessary to exclude married women (non-workers) from insurance, because it is impossible to devise any scheme to control claims for sick pay in such cases." It is in these terms that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his explanatory memorandum, briefly disposes of the claims of married women to share in the benefits which he proposes to confer upon their unmarried sisters.

It is no new thing for the married woman to find herself a stumbling-block in the regimentation of the nation. She will not fit in to the *cadres* devised for her brothers and sisters; like the queen-bee, she seems to require a cell shaped especially for herself, which will leave more room for her

varied activities. And so she has to submit to special legislation, as in the Factory Acts, or find herself left out in the cold, as in this special instance.

Now there is no doubt that the legislator is confronted with a difficulty when he finds himself face to face with the claims of married women; but it is, to some extent at least, a difficulty of his own making, and is due to his failure to grasp the real economic position of the working man's wife. For instance, who are the "married women (non-workers)" who are to be excluded from the benefits of insurance? One's mind flies to the women of wealth and fashion who pay housekeepers, servants, nurses, and governesses to fulfil all their multifarious duties for them. But of course it is not these who are meant. It is the women who cook and wash and scrub, who bear and nurse and clothe and feed their children, and whose husbands are dependent on them alone for every scrap of comfort in their homes. Women such as these earn such living as they get many times over, and yet convention continues to call them "non-workers," dependent on their husbands, and to treat them as having no economic existence.

For the present purpose—the preservation of the health of the nation—the only rational basis for distinguishing between different classes of workers is that of their needs as arising out of their special functions. One, but only one, of the functions of the married woman is that of child-bearing; this function, with its attendant risks, is recognised up to a certain point in the Insurance Bill, and provision is made for it. Maternity benefit, as defined in the Act, consists of "Payment in the case of the confinement of the wife of an insured person, who is not herself an insured person, or of a woman who is an insured person, of a sum of thirty shillings." In the explanatory memorandum the benefit is 30s. payable from the father's insurance unless the mother is an insured person, when it will be paid from her own insurance. The two statements differ materially, as the first does not include unmarried women who are not insured, while the second does. It is an important point. The father of an illegitimate child is already liable to pay for its maintenance up to 5s. a week, and it should be made very clear that no provision of the Bill should be held to exonerate him from this liability.

If this protection of the man were adequately guarded against there seems no sufficient reason to suppose that the payment of maternity benefit to unmarried mothers would have the effect of conducing to immorality, as has been suggested by some critics of the Bill. It must be remembered that the benefit is to be expended on the mother's behalf. "Societies will not be allowed to pay this benefit in cash to the insured person or her husband" (or presumably to the man who is not her husband), "but will be required to pay expenses incurred up to the sum of 30s. under prescribed conditions." It is inconceivable that the prospect of 30s. expended on nursing, doctor's fee, and medical comforts will conduce to immorality while any woman, however abandoned in character, can get these now in any Poor-law infirmary. Moreover, it will, I take it, be quite within the discretion of the administering body to decide that the assistance should be given in an institution where it seemed desirable.

There is one other point of difficulty connected with the maternity benefit. It is that the woman who is herself insured (and she may be a married woman working for wages) will actually be a loser by it. Her insurance entitles her to 7s. 6d. a week and medical attendance when ill; but she will not be allowed to draw this for the four weeks after her confinement, during which she will be entitled to maternity benefit. She will thus forego 30s. and medical attendance, for 30s. expended on her behalf in medical attendance and other ways. This is not perhaps a

very important point, applying as it will in a comparatively small number of cases; but it lends an additional weight to the claim being made by the Friendly Societies that the maternity benefit should be paid in cash. Their feeling is evidently strong that the manner of administering this benefit prescribed in the Bill involves a slur upon the character of the women or their husbands. It should be made quite clear that this is not intended; but it should be made no less clear that at present the working man, perhaps also his wife, does not attach sufficient importance to the special needs of mother and child during confinement and the subsequent four weeks. Until popular knowledge and feeling is more enlightened on this matter it is wiser that the money should be expended by those who do know, and will not be liable to have their judgment confused by pressing claims for arrears of rent, or new boots for the children, or the debt at the chandler's shop.

And when all difficulties and objections have been considered, the maternity benefit remains in the vast majority of cases a very great boon. If wisely administered—and there is no reason to doubt that it will be—it will mean a great reduction in suffering and mortality both to mothers and infants, and a good start in life to many who would otherwise begin their careers with some physical handicap.

If married women were liable to illness only in consequence of their function of child-bearing, and again, if child-bearing never brought illness except at the time of confinement, we might agree that their claims were fairly met by the maternity benefit. But the married woman has no immunity from all the other illnesses to which flesh is heir, and the claim which is met is merely a burden upon her strength additional to those which unmarried women have to bear. It is sometimes said that married women are too apt at malingering to be included in Friendly Societies, and this is what Mr. Lloyd George seems to have in mind in excluding them from the Bill. I believe that the contrary is true, and that the reason why they are difficult to include in Friendly Societies is that they are never willing to give up entirely and leave their work to take care of itself. How can they, so long as they can stand on their feet, when to give up means house and husband and children neglected, and the home life falling into ruin around them? Moreover, a man, when he returns to work after illness, does not expect to have to make up arrears. A woman knows that whatever is left in the way of washing, cleaning, or mending will simply accumulate and have to be done later on. Hence it is really difficult to ensure that she complies with the wise provision of complete abstinence from work upon which Friendly Societies insist.

But, whatever the difficulty in providing against it, the fact remains that the illness of the woman is in many respects more serious to the family than the illness of the man. They may run into debt if the man cannot work; if the woman is disabled they run into dirt, squalor, discomfort, and probably accumulating illness. Sick benefit which would enable her to pay for outside help to come in and keep the home in order would not only conduce to her own more speedy recovery, but would be of incalculable benefit to the children and husband.

But supposing insurance for a money benefit to be impossible, there is still, I think, a way in which the difficulty might be met. It was of course not possible to include everything in the Bill; otherwise one would have been glad to see some practical recognition of the great importance of skilled nursing in the homes of the people. In many ways the capable nurse is even more important to the restoration of health than the doctor himself. Why should not the married woman be insured, if not for cash benefit, yet for the services of a district or village nurse, who would—as

many village nurses already do—help to keep the home in order as well as look after the patient? The nurse would have every opportunity to detect malingering, if indeed that is to be feared; the woman would have at least a better opportunity of recovering her health. I can think of no provision more likely to promote the health, not only of the patient, but of the whole family. The woman who has been well nursed herself knows how to nurse her husband and children when the need arises. Experience has shown, moreover, that where the nurse goes there cleanliness and air and light are swift to follow. She is the living embodiment of the truth that example is better than precept.

I am not suggesting, however, that the nurse should be in place of the doctor, but in addition. It is true that under the Bill married women are not to be allowed to insure, even for medical treatment; but as no reason is given for this deprivation, I cannot but think that it is an omission which might be easily remedied. The cost of such insurance without the addition of sick benefit is very small. I find on referring to the rules of the Metropolitan Provident Medical Association (an institution which works to the satisfaction of doctors and patients alike) that a woman can insure for medical treatment for 6d. a month, having her choice of a doctor, who will attend her in her own home if necessary. An additional charge is made of a penny for each prescription made up, and an extra fee for confinements of 15s. for the doctor or 7s. 6d. for the midwife. This extra fee is already provided for in the Bill; and there are few, if any, married women who cannot command the few pence necessary to pay the ordinary medical insurance. Why should not the State supplement this by insuring her in connection with one of the recognised Nursing Associations in addition to her medical insurance?

One reason why it is difficult to fit the married woman into the scheme is, no doubt, that as she does not work for a wage there is no employer from whom to claim a contribution. There are those who will not hesitate to say that she works for her husband, and that as he stands in the position of employer to her, so he should pay the employer's contribution. I do not at all agree with this view. The relation between man and wife is not that of employer and employed, and it would be disastrous to the interests of the woman to treat it as such. It is really a partnership, to which the man contributes in money and the woman in kind. To make the man responsible for the employer's contribution for the woman would be to make the firm pay twice over, since the woman would already be paying her own contribution.

But because the woman has no employer to draw upon, that is no sufficient reason for depriving her of the State grant if that will enable her to insure for medical and nursing aid. Moreover, it must be remembered that ultimately most married women will really have a balance to their credit for what has been contributed on their behalf previous to marriage. The cases in which working girls will require sick benefit before marriage will be comparatively few, and it seems peculiarly hard that they should forfeit all claims by the act of marriage, which, after all, is no offence. Nor does it constitute such a breach in the continuity of the working woman's life as the provisions of the Bill suggest. She is not passing from a life of work and independence to one of ease and dependence; she is merely taking upon herself new and often more arduous duties, under which she is even more likely to break down than when she was single. From every point of view then it seems desirable that some attempt should be made to secure for her at least the minimum of medical attendance and nursing.

HELEN BOSANQUET.

THE MYSTERY OF SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON LIFE—II.

IN connection with Shakespeare we hear nothing of a sixteenth-century Stella or Lady Hamilton, but still there is a vague suggestion in the sonnets of a dark lady who trifled with the poet's affections—"If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head." But is the suggestion so very vague after all? There are commentators who assert that this treacherous brunette was none other than Mistress Mary Fitton, of Gawsworth, Cheshire, Maid of Honour to the Queen from 1595 to 1601, and one of the giddiest Ladies-in-Waiting the Court has seen before or since. The two extant portraits of her at Arbury and her bust in Gawsworth Church show her of a fair complexion with light brown hair and grey eyes; but we must not deny poetic licence to the author of the sonnets, who declares in them, according to some twentieth-century *literati*, that "three Wills" were in love with this most wanton Lady—William, Lord Knollys; William Herbert, Lord Pembroke; and William Shakespeare, player, playmaker, and poet. "Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will. And Will to boot, and Will in overplus."

On Mary Fitton's appointment to the Royal *entourage* her father wrote to Lord Knollys asking him to keep a watchful eye on the young girl so lately come to Court from her Cheshire home; but Sir Edward Fitton can have had but slight acquaintance with his relative, who was veritably a sixteenth-century "Gay Lord Quex," and whose solicitude soon ripened into an ardent affection for the tender lamb committed to his care—a lamb who soon declared herself a wolf in sheep's clothing. Yet the Fittons seem to have made light of Sir Knollys's attentions to their young daughter. He stood godfather to Mary Fitton's niece (Ann Newdigate's first child) in 1598, although his letters to Lady Newdigate at the time show him ardently in love with her wayward sister, and praying for the speedy demise of his aged wife. Yet when the latter died in 1605 he married two months after a nineteen-year-old bride, Lady Elizabeth Howard, whilst Mary Fitton, the object of his quondam illicit affection, was still at his disposal.

It does not seem quite certain whether Mary entered first into bonds of wedlock with Captain Lougher or Captain Polwhele; it is, however, more probable that Captain Polwhele undertook the tackling of so froward a lady at his Gloucestershire home at Perton; for Mary's mother, Lady Fitton, writes to her eldest daughter Ann soon after the wedding that Polwhele is "a veri knave, and taketh the disgrace off his wyff and all her fryndes to make the world thynk him worthy of her and she deserved not better." Even in that age of loose morals Mary Fitton was looked upon as having seriously outraged the then female code of ethics. In a previous letter to her elder daughter, the mother writes:—"I take no joy to heer of your sister nore of that boy, if it had pleased God when I did bear her, that she hade bene beried, it had saved me from a grete deale of sorow and gryffe, and her ffrom shame, and such shame as never have Cheshyre woman; worse now than evar; wright no more of her."

At Court Mary Fitton was nicknamed the "Crow" ("a crow that flies in Heaven's sweetest air." Sonnet 70) from her birdlike profile; and her conduct seems to have lacked maidenly modesty and decorum in an outrageous manner, for we read that—"In the tyme when Mrs Fytton was in great favour, and one of her Majestie's Maids of honour (and during the time yt the Earle of Pembroke favoured her) she would put off her head tire and busk her upp her clothes, and take a large white cloak, and march as though she had been a man to meete her lover, William Herbert."

A letter from Sir Robert Cecil to Sir George Carew, dated February 5th, 1601, has a postscript to this effect:—

We have news that there is a misfortune befallen Mistress Fitton, for she is proved with child, and the Earl of Pembroke, being examined, confesseth a fact, but utterly renounceth all marriage. I fear they will both dwell in the Tower a while, for the Queen hath vowed to send them thither.

A letter in the Record Office from Tobie Matthew to Dudley Carleton, dated March 25th, 1601, says:—"The Earle of Pembroke is committed to the Fleet; his cause is delivered of a boy who is dead."

A year previous Mary Fitton had withdrawn from Court to her father's Cheshire mansion at Gawsworth; some say her enforced retirement for a few months was owing to the birth of a stillborn child, whose father was none other than William Shakespeare himself. But why tarnish Shakespeare's memory with the paternity of the infant when Herbert, one of the most amorous bachelors of the day, was at that time that fair lady's most faithful and constant admirer? True, in October, 1599, he was sent on a mission to Denmark, then later he is "sick with a tertian ague," but during the remainder of the year he had been most frequent in his attendance at Court, with occasional absences consequent on his visits to Wilton, where his father lay sick.

Meantime the enthusiasm anent the new-born drama was at its height; there was an incessant demand for new plays. It has been computed that more original compositions were then produced in London in one month than now annually grace the theatre stages of the United Kingdom and America. And actors no longer occupied an ambiguous position in the social life of the period. Mr. Wyndham says that the "Court and Theatre were never in closer contact than during the last years of Elizabeth's reign . . . when the theatre was dignified by the very trick of majesty and the Court transfigured by the Spirit of Masquerade."

Actors and ladies of the Court held familiar converse together; Kemp, the comedian of Shakespeare's company, dedicated his "Morrice to Norwich" to Mistress Fitton, but the acquaintanceship can hardly have ripened into friendship, as Kemp mistook the lady's Christian name and addressed her by that of her elder married sister. Shakespeare himself, with his "gentle" manner and dignified bearing, may have been in request to teach the Court ladies their steps for the masques in which the Queen so delighted. The youth of the Warwickshire dialect had become the sixteenth-century man of the world, conversing in the pure English tongue as heard at the Court and in the county of Middlesex, and his friendship with certain of the Ladies-in-Waiting would follow as a matter of course.

Taking a dispassionate view of the known incidents of the great dramatist's life, from 1596 to 1601, does it not seem as though during those years he had felt the glamour of some fancy—passing it may have been—for a lady far above him in rank and position? In the August of 1596 he had visited Stratford for the burial of his only son Hamnet, and on his return to London may he not have tried to drown sorrow, to forget disappointed hopes—hopes centred on his son and heir—in a vortex of pleasure and dissipation? Later in the same year he appears at Stratford as the purchaser of "New Place," as the rebuilder of the shattered fortunes of his family; he next applies in his father's name for a grant from the Herald's Office to bear a coat-of-arms and rank as an esquire; he lends money; he gives corn during the Stratford famine; he takes shares in the Globe Theatre, and his plays of the period breathe an atmosphere of the Court and of the lords and ladies who "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the Golden World."

But throughout these successful years may he not have craved a little sympathy?—not the rough, jovial camaraderie

of the Mermaid Tavern, of Ben Jonson and Marlowe and their "light o' love" wenches, but the sympathy women of all ages have known so well how to proffer, and none better than that class to which the whimsical, capricious Mary Fitton belonged. This Court coquette, "more fine and pretty than spark of velvet, and as witty as Pallas," would relish playing her part in healing the poet's heartache, and the latter would succumb to her wiles like so many frail mortals of his sex before and since, for all a woman's inborn vanity and desire to please, all her innate affectation, were to be found alike in sixteenth-century princess and peasant girl; and before aught else Shakespeare was human, and too delightfully so to detect a woman's false flattery when artfully practised on himself.

Maybe the sonnets do give us a glimpse of autobiography: after all, the theory of their "dark lady" may be no baseless conjecture. Who knows that the great actor-playwright, in times of extreme mental depression and languor, may not have yielded to the temptation of looking into the dim future and of dreaming that heaven could hold no greater happiness in store for him than a "Wanderjahr" in the Warwickshire lanes with Mistress Fitton, showing her the spot where he set his first snare, where the moorhen yearly made her nest, and the eaves beneath which the martin built? His thoughts may have lingered lovingly on the bright picture of the Maid-of-Honour seated on a bench in his newly-planted New Place orchard against a background of pink apple-blossom, or strolling by his side through the lime-tree avenue past the old Parish Church, and then by the Avon's bank over Sir Hugh Clopton's bridge. Next fancy makes us picture him, a shadow crossing his brow, expressing his views on the tragedy—if tragedy it were—of his own married life:—

Let still the woman take,
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways the level in her husband's heart;
For however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than woman's are.

Alas! that so impenetrable a shroud of mystery envelops our greatest of Englishmen!

W. M. D.

ART AND CIVILISATION*

PROFESSOR BALDWIN BROWN is a high authority, and this eminently readable volume, which contains the substance of the Rhind Lectures delivered before the Scottish Society of Antiquaries in the spring of last year, fully justifies his reputation. It is a truism that to know one thing thoroughly you must know twenty others as well, and of no form of knowledge is this more true than of archaeology. But Professor Baldwin Brown's knowledge is encyclopædic, and upon this score he need fear no criticism. His style is marked by a rich undercurrent of allusiveness; he traces things back to their dim origins in unsuspected and improbable sources, and he leaves you with the impression that these, too, reach back to dim vistas of the past, whither the searchlights of historical and scientific investigation have as yet had no opportunity to penetrate. With the modesty of the true scholar he opines that this book will supply a "groundwork" on the subject of which it treats: we shall be greatly surprised if there are many of his fellow-investigators who can add much to it, or who could have told us as much as he has succeeded in doing within so brief a compass. In the Teutonic race we have, of course, an especial interest. For a while, as our author reminds us, it had

* *The Arts and Crafts of our Teutonic Forefathers.* By G. BALDWIN BROWN. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

the art field of Western Europe to itself—for the period, that is to say, between the disappearance of classical art and the rise of the mediæval Romanesque style. After that its activities lay in the direction of modifying the Romanesque into Gothic forms, of which the pointed arch was the outstanding sign and symbol. This movement took many shapes, and was far from being confined to architecture; it was applied to personal ornaments of all sorts, and to every kind of furniture and the decoration of the home. The inspiration was largely drawn, as might be expected from a race which had embraced Christianity comparatively recently, from Scripture subjects, already sanctioned by earlier Christian custom. Thus Daniel between two lions was a common device in early Teutonic jewellery, sometimes treated quite simply and recognisedly, but often so disguised by crudity of presentment or exuberance of fancy as to be scarcely recognisable at all. A fine and notable Teutonic survival is the famous "Gospels of Lindisfarne," with its magnificent Teutonic ornament, while similar Teutonic features appear in abundance in the architectural remains—crosses and such like—of the period. We should have liked in this regard some reference to the work of the Comacine masters, which "Leader Scott" believed was traceable in some forms of ornament, such as the endless knot, which Professor Brown seems inclined to treat as solely Teutonic. The question, however, is in any case an obscure one, and it would have required a good deal of valuable space to have treated it in any fullness. But some of the relics recovered reach back to a much earlier age. The famous treasure of Petrossa, for instance, is believed to be a product of the third or fourth centuries of the Christian era. Another fourth-century "find" was the wonderful collection of medallions of Roman Emperors of that period, unearthed a hundred years since near Grosswardein in Hungary; while the later discovery in the same neighbourhood some twenty years ago of a second treasure of golden bowls and *fibule* of the same period as the foregoing greatly accentuated their interest and value. In England we can show one of the most interesting of such discoveries, that of the pectoral cross of St. Cuthbert, who died in 687 A.D. Apart from its archaeological interest it is a graceful and beautiful piece of jeweller's work, which would have done credit to any age. Another magnificent group of objects, unearthed in the tomb of Childeric, who died and was buried in the year 481, with their subsequent adventures, and the astonishing recovery of a large proportion of them, supply a splendid chapter of romance to add to the halo of mystery which must always surround such survivals of a hoary past.

Professor Brown gives us a fine chapter on this subject of Germanic burials, and their part in preserving for us these relics of antiquity—these relics that have heard and felt "the drums and trappings of three conquests," as Sir Thomas Browne has it. For all who could afford it, from the earliest recorded ages of history, a proper equipment of tomb furniture to ease for the dead man his journey to the realm of shadows was indispensable, and women were sent on their way with such jewels and ornaments as their friends could muster for them. Professor Brown speaks of a description of such a tomb by M. Pilloy, who portrayed it "with a touch of sentiment which not even archaeology can eradicate from the Gallic soul." But surely sentiment is inseparable from such things—and archaeology is far from being "harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose"—though we are far from including the author in such a category. His book is steeped in the highest "sentiment" throughout, and therein lies its charm. The knowledge is there, too, as we have seen, but the ray of light that casts upon the ways of our forefathers will connote for most of us its real value. We have studied it with pleasure and profit, and many others, we think, will do so too.

B

REVIEWS

A NATIONAL POET

Adam Mickiewicz: The National Poet of Poland. By MONICA M. GARDNER. 10s. 6d. net. J. M. Dent and Sons.

MISS GARDNER has done a real service. Adam Mickiewicz (to be pronounced Mits-kee-eh-vitch) is not a world poet, to be sure; yet it is not only world-poets who win the recognition of acknowledgment in other tongues than their own. If a rule were to be laid down that no poet who had not sung through his own tongue into the tongue and language of all time deserved tribute from other people than his own, what a mass of literature would find its way into the limbo of things forgotten! Fortunately, however, such a rule does not prevail. We say fortunately advisedly, for all poetry is an inspiration. Our own Daniel was no very great poet; indeed, his was, to be candid, a very pedestrian manner of song. Yet a poet of a far loftier flight—no less a man than John Keats—found not a little inspiration from a close study of him. And what can be won from so pedestrian a soul as Daniel can surely be won from a soul so fiery and so flaming as that of Mickiewicz. It may be thought that a spirit so full of impulse as his was of the genius to rise to the very heights of song. But his very excellence was his shortcoming; and therein he declared himself not for all time, but for a day. It was part of the tragedy with which his life was bound up that this was so. For he was a national poet; and the nation that claimed him was the unhappy Poland, doomed to eternal failure, and doomed to worse than failure—disastrous hopes and cruel treacheries. It was this that stung Mickiewicz to song, and his song was like a torch flung into the night with a fury of flame, to fall hissing into the lake which quenches all things that are not lit in a beauty of spirit. It is not the least of the sorrows of Poland that her greatest poet should have been robbed by time of those conditions which might have helped him to a song that should abide and continue.

Adam Mickiewicz was born on the Christmas Eve of 1798, at the height of Napoleon's power, and his youth was spent in the secret glory that thrilled through the country at the increasing fame of the famous Polish legion. It was to Napoleon they looked for the deliverance of their country. He was pledged to it by promise; and he was pledged to it by honour—a pledge, this last, that to a people so quick and noble as the Poles was a bond far more indelible than written and signed documents. "Poland hath not perished while we live" was the song that the Polish legion sang; and it was, too, the hope and support of their country. Closely guarded by Russia, jealously watched lest any news from the front of war should reach into and so disturb the country, information nevertheless filtered through. A wounded soldier here, coming to bury his bones in his beloved fatherland, a straggler there—thus the news came in, and thus the country fed itself with hope. Even the calculated betrayal of the Treaty of Tilsit did not suffice wholly to quench their zeal for him and their hope for their country. But when in the disastrous retreat from Moscow the terrible and onerous position of rearguard was entrusted to the men Napoleon had so ruthlessly betrayed only a few years before, and the nation saw the flower of their people, the strength of their manhood, ruined and destroyed, and Napoleon, in whom they yet held faith, broken and defeated by their heartless oppressors, then, as a writer has said with regard to another ruinous epoch of their history, "there remained nothing more, except a nation that refused to die."

From this time onward the country was more and more

ground under the heel of Russia. Alexander the First, despite his promises to his friend Adam Czartoryski, and despite his boasted desires for liberal reform, betrayed the country as ruthlessly as Napoleon had done. As Miss Gardner says:—"The liberties of the country were trampled under foot, her freedom changed into oppression, her nationality attacked by Russian espionage, imprisonment, tortures in the prisons." Then, "maddened by their wrongs, the Poles flew to arms, and rose on the night of November 29th, 1830." The issue was short and sharp. The Poles were not only beaten, they were crushed. To quote Montalambert, the usual methods of Russian revenge turned Poland into "the nation in mourning." The chief men were tried, if to "try" means to employ judicial mockery for the achievement of a prearranged end. Previously to this Adam Mickiewicz had been exiled to Russia at first, and had finally been liberated from that country to wander through Europe. He was in Rome when the rising occurred, and a vast gloom enshrouded him as he witnessed the final extinction of his beloved country. It found expression in his poem "To the Polish Mother," of which Gabriel Sarrazin has said, "Chaque fois que j'ai relu cette pièce, je me suis senti pâle à mourir."

It was finely characteristic of the man that he never permitted his hatred of the country to obscure his love of the individual Russians he had met in his exile. But it can be readily understood that the series of disasters that swept over Poland, loving his country as he and all his compatriots do, must needs have withheld his muse from those world-wide themes that have marked poetry at its highest and best. He was, as Miss Gardner has phrased it in her subtitle, a "national poet." Poem after poem flows from his pen in mournful testimony to the past greatness or the present distress of his country. Therefore it is with a small, if a very noble, fragment of the world's population that his verse is concerned. It is even epochal. But there is more in it even than this. It affected his thought, even as it had affected the thought of his country. The terrible sorrows that the country had passed through had produced its philosophical outlook. Man is a philosophising creature, and his philosophy is generally a garment shaped to his stature. So it was with the Poles; for they found refuge in Mesyanism, holding that their special suffering was but the prelude and preparation for a time of great exaltation, and that their miseries were the token that they were being fitted in this way to a high moral vocation. While this gave at times an extraordinary depth to Mickiewicz' thought, it also, at the same time, gave it something of the shape of the ready-made doctrine.

Poem after poem followed, each dedicated to his country in some aspect. Either it sings her depth of gloom, as in the psalm of sorrow, "To the Polish Mother;" or it concerns itself with her grief in his dark and troublous tragedies. Miss Gardner very justly and truly says that there is something in Mickiewicz akin to the great old Hebrew prophets. When such a mind as Æschylus's was smitten to the writing of a tragedy, it was the terror of the problems that beset humanity that stung his mind. There was the same cosmic splendour in the tragedies of Shakespeare. But when Isaiah rose to eloquence, it was not a world that he thought of, but a nation. It was not a suffering humanity that exalted his thought to grapple with the things of time; his might of passion was concerned with the setting right of an erring people. So with Mickiewicz. He wrought no King Lear; it was beyond his mind, though not beyond his power, to create a Prometheus in grapple with a destiny that was cosmic. His characters were not only hewn out of his country's troubles; they were actually modelled, and even named, after those of his compatriots who had taken part in Poland's struggles for liberty. His very scenes were not creations of his imagina-

tion; they were more or less faithful transcripts from memory of those in which he had participated, such as the scene in the Basilian convent in the third part of "The Ancestors." One of the leading characters in this play, Konrad, was modelled on Mickiewicz himself. Speaking of this tragedy Miss Gardner says:—

Not only is it the noblest monument to suffering and persecuted Poland, but in its pages we have glimpses—rifts through the veils of dream and mystery—into the story of Adam's inner life, such as he has given us nowhere else. And, further, as a picture of the soul driven to despair, not by its own misery, but by the sight of the sorrows of a nation, unrelieved, unavenged by Heaven, "The Ancestors" ranks as one of the great so-called sceptical dramas of the world; by the moral standpoint of a Job or a Faust. We must remember, when considering the literary work and the mental attitude of the great romantic Polish poets in the thirties and onwards of the last century, that they and their nation were one, to modify slightly Mickiewicz's expression. Their nation's grief was their own personal grief.

It was this mood that actuated his work, and framed it to a special end.

There are two things especially characteristic of his work: this identity with his country that has already been spoken of, and a vein of peculiar mysticism. Indeed this latter was more than mysticism. It was rather a kind of familiarity with the occult. The ancient festival—a relic from the days of paganism—which was usually celebrated on the night of All Souls' Day in the Lithuanian wilds, during which feast the spirits of the dead were exorcised into the secluded company, is sufficient evidence to show that this was a strong national trait. But that it was fed and fostered by the spirit of rebellious patriotism is surely evident. All that was intensely national in the man burned to an eager flame, and thus found its way into artistic expression. And at the height of its passion it turned in upon itself and produced, not mild and poignant tragedies, but the pure, serene, idyllic epic "Thaddeus." It was as though his country could bear no more pain; so he must nurse it and nourish it. His was a great soul; and in bringing him nearer to us Miss Gardner has done us a considerable service.

"A GREAT ARTIST AND A NOBLE-HEARTED MAN"

Franz Liszt and his Music. By ARTHUR HERVEY. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

A SHORT book in English upon the work of Liszt as a composer has long been wanted. It is thirty years since the translation appeared of Mme. Ramann's biography of Liszt, and although reference has necessarily been made by English writers on music to the influence exercised by Liszt on the orchestra, not one of them, so far as we are aware, has anticipated Mr. Arthur Hervey in the production of a book which, as the author hopes, "may serve as an introduction to the study of the master's works."

There is, perhaps, no great composer who has been so seriously misunderstood, so grievously neglected in England as Liszt. Gallant attempts have from time to time been made by his disciples to force the attention of the musical public to the wealth of beauty, the variety of interest it would find if only it would take the trouble to try and understand the more important compositions of Liszt. But these attempts have generally been in vain. In France, in Germany, in Italy, one may make sure of hearing Liszt's Symphonic Poems and the great Symphonies—the present

writer recently found "Les Préludes" and "Hamlet" in the programmes of open-air concerts in Austria, and the audiences rejoiced in them—but in England the few Poems that are performed are so infrequently given that they do not become thoroughly known. Some years ago Sir Henry Wood designed to play all the twelve Symphonic Poems at his Promenade Concerts, but, for reasons which it was not impossible to guess, the plan had to be given up. And still, for the majority of amateurs, these splendid works are sealed books, and Liszt is only an eccentric pianist of great executive powers who composed two "display" Concertos and an infinite number of pianoforte fantasias and transcriptions adorned with "fireworks" of a flashy and meretricious kind. The old legend still lingers that Liszt was a fashionable Abbé who played marvellously and was unfaithful to his vows. "I think Liszt one of those people who ought not to have been allowed to live," exclaimed a very clever and cultivated lady in the present writer's hearing, when she was invited to listen to his Sonata, and she could only refer to this legend and to the fireworks on being asked what she meant.

The movements of "taste" are generally controlled in England by fashion or infatuation. Various circumstances have conspired to bring the music of Wagner, of Richard Strauss, and of Debussy under the influence of fashion, but Liszt has never come under that wayward spell. Perhaps it is as well that it should be so, and that his ultimate recognition by England as one of the great masters should be due solely to the strength of his genius. But the faculty which English people have of becoming infatuated with certain phases of art has had a good deal to do with the indifference—nay, the open hostility—shown here in many not uninfluential quarters to the music of Liszt. When the liking for "serious" music began (it quickly developed into a rage), and the "Monday Pops" were always "Sold out," while seats could seldom be had for the early Richter Concerts, it was the mode to adore the classics, and to claim Schumann as supreme among the romantic composers. Then, under the guidance of Joachim, Brahms was admitted as the third in an unapproached trinity, with Bach and Beethoven. Joachim's attitude towards Liszt was known, and it was soon considered that he who took pleasure in such works of Liszt as he was permitted to hear was a heretic only to be pardoned on the ground of ignorance. The infatuation for Brahms and for Joachim has undoubtedly been a cause of the non-appreciation of Liszt in England. But it may be hoped that we are gradually becoming fairer, more open-minded about music; and Mr. Hervey, though finding it difficult to avoid a "feeling of sadness at the thought of so many beautiful tone-poems being neglected," is not entirely pessimistic. He hopes that the day is not far distant when "tardy justice shall be meted to a great composer whose wonderful executive skill has seemingly caused his creative ability to be underrated, and who is *par excellence* the pioneer of the modern musical movement." In thus referring to the importance of Liszt's work as a *pioneer*, Mr. Hervey is only alluding to what ought to be a familiar fact to the most elementary student of modern musical history. But he rightly guards himself against the possibility of being considered as only one of those who admire Liszt because he indicated new paths in which later composers have walked with success. Mr. Hervey contends with perfect justice that Liszt was much more than a "gifted pioneer who had not the requisite inventive genius to realise his ideals." He claims him as a great creative artist whose place is by the side of the most famous composers of this or any age, and quotes Wagner's saying to Liszt, "Your orchestral works are so new and incomparable to any others that criticism will take a long time to discover what to make of them."

It may be that Mr. Hervey in his enthusiasm for Liszt's genius, and his indignation at the indifference of the English multitude towards it, has over-filled his pages with laudation of his hero. Some readers may suspect that he protests too much. If such there be, and these have doubts as to Mr. Hervey's impartiality, let them read what Wagner has said about Liszt, what Saint Saëns, and Smetana, and Grieg, and Weingartner have said; what critics at home such as Niecks and Ernest Newman have written; let them ask any of the fine pianist-musicians who play the Sonata and the other great pianoforte poems what they think about this music. The result of all this questioning will be the confirmation of everything that Mr. Hervey has written about "this great artist and noble-hearted man."

Mr. Hervey has properly devoted the larger part of his book to a careful and very musicianly analysis of Liszt's chief works for piano, for orchestra, for voice, but in his brief account of the "Life" he has been admirably successful in bringing out the wonderful nobility of Liszt's character, that radiance of soul which makes one love the man as one loves Walter Scott—not for what they did so much as for what they were. Weingartner has said that no one, even among those who do not appreciate Liszt's compositions, would wish to take from him the brilliant crown which disinterestedness and the noblest charity have placed upon his brow. We trust that what Mr. Hervey tells them about Liszt's life will send many readers to Mme. Ramann's biography, and that what he tells them about his music will move them to become diligent students of it.

THE MEDIÆVAL POPES AND ROME

History of Rome and the Popes in the Middle Ages. By HARTMANN GRISAR, S.J. Authorised English Translation. Edited by LUIGI CAPPADelta. Vol. I. (Kegan Paul and Co. 15s. net.)

PROFESSOR HARTMANN GRISAR writes in his Foreword: "The present work might be described as a history of the mediæval Popes, with the history of the City of Rome, and of its civilisation as a background, the author's desire being so to combine the two stories as to produce a true picture of what Rome was in the Middle Ages." The extensive excavations carried on in the Eternal City during the last forty years have brought so much new material to hand that, excellent as was Ferdinand Gregorovius's "History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages," it must now, in many respects, be regarded as somewhat out of date. The Registers of the Popes, the studies of Duchesne and Mommsen, as well as of Hülsen and the German Institute of Rome have been the means of considerably adding to our store of knowledge on the subject. Professor Grisar claims no bias or prejudice in his colossal undertaking, and for the most part he adopts the rigid standpoint of the historian. That a Roman Catholic writing on this theme should be entirely without religious bias is not to be expected. On one occasion he leaves his remarkable knowledge of Roman topography, and in discussing the tomb of St. Peter enters into the old controversy based on Christ's words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church." From a Protestant point of view these words have been juggled with past recognition, and in this one instance the author has trented a little "on the so-called Roman question." But, apart from a very pardonable deviation of this kind, Professor Grisar has dealt with his subject with strict impartiality and extreme tolerance.

The opening chapter deals with the "Last Revival of Paganism in Rome." We see Flavian leading the procession

of Isis, and come in touch with the mystery of Cybele and the festival of Mithra. Flavian was filled with a fanatical desire to revive the worship of the old gods. He had, however, to contend with a counter-force led by the Emperor Theodosius, who was just as zealous to establish the worship of Christ and to banish for ever the effete religion of the Romans. Theodosius thus addressed his generals:—"We should not offer such insult to the Cross of Christ as to fancy it has no power. Still less ought we to let ourselves be frightened by an image of Hercules. Well, then, the Cross goes before us; may the image of Hercules be the enemy's best protection!" Theodosius carried the passes of the Julian Alps, and Flavian met his death. Almost immediately afterwards we read of Theodosius engaged in a fierce battle with his pagan rival Eugenius. The armies met near Aquileia, and after a severe engagement the victory fell to Theodosius. Professor Grisar thus sums up the significance of this success:—"The great event of a single one-day battle decided for all time the religious fate of Italy and Rome." From this time onward Christianity had the protection of the State; but nevertheless Paganism died hard. The old temples may have been deserted, and the sacrifices and wild orgies neglected, but the coarse and debasing gladiatorial combats were still in vogue for some time to come. The fall of Paganism in no way meant a sudden acceptance of a cleaner and more strenuous life. Had that been the case, it may be that Rome could have withstood the barbarian invasions from the North. Paganism had sapped her strength, vice and sensuality had taken away even a desire for supremacy, and left instead men who only delighted in a debased form of amusement. It would seem from certain remarks of St. Ambrose that even the much-lauded Vestal virgins were well paid to be virtuous. They made of their chastity a tawdry show when compared with Christian maids who led simple, pure lives without desire for earthly reward. St. Ambrose remarks dryly, "If we Christians wanted to secure Government pay and privileges for all these, there would be prompt danger of an empty exchequer."

Professor Grisar, after describing several men of mark at that period, Christians who never tired of rendering succour to the poor, and were in every way worthy of their calling, deals with "The Shady Side of Early Christian Life." He points out that even among the clergy there were men who were but lukewarm Christians. St. Jerome thus warns his maiden disciple, Eustochium:—

There are brethren of my profession who take priest's or deacon's orders only that they may approach women without restraint. All their care is given to their garments, which must exhale choice perfumes, while their footgear must be supple and well-fitting. Their hair is waved with curling-tongs, and their fingers glitter with rings. Such gentlemen can only mince along the street on tip-toe, lest the filth should soil their dainty shoes. To see them, one would fancy they were bridegrooms, rather than priests. Some of them make it their sole study to find out the names, homes, and mode of life of all the matrons. I shall describe one such worthy, and you will be able to guess what the pupils of such a teacher must be like.

Salvianus reminds us strongly of the utterances of Jeremiah when he sees the once proud and mighty Rome overpowered by the Germanic invasions. He cries:

Where is any misery like unto ours? Yet none the less, in the midst of all this distress, the whole Roman world continues abandoned to sinful pleasure. Romans have become beggars, yet they jest. To-morrow bitter captivity awaits them, but their only thought is for the circus. . . . Death surrounds us, and we laugh. One could imagine all Romans had tasted the sardonic laughing-plant. They die still laughing.

Though Rome quaked beneath such barbarian leaders as Alaric and Attila, though her streets were filled with the pillaging Goths and Huns, Alans and Skynes, and her political life came to an end, the Church's power continued to extend. The days of "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" were at an end. Through martyrdom and the tumult of war evolved the Roman Church. The imperial eagle gave place to the dove. If the Roman gods still haunted their old temples, they did so without worshippers, and may be within sound of Christian bells.

A WARNING VOICE

Triumphant Vulgarity. By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.
(Stephen Swift. 3s. 6d. net.)

WITH excellent irony, and with just sufficient gentle exaggeration to emphasise his points, Dr. Whitby carries through neatly and logically his elaborate grumble with the state of social affairs at the present day in this country. We have read few books on similar or kindred themes with such a sane and level-headed treatment. Life is no light gift, to be used carelessly or idly, to Dr. Whitby. "To live as becomes a man on the level of his age—I will not say as one very far in advance of it—is no mere matter of respiration, assimilation, and reproduction, with a little docile industry thrown in by way of promoting the combustion of the waste products of metabolism. To live is not, in fact, as we understand it, the following of the line of least resistance." By these sentences in his introductory chapter the author prepares us for his serious discussion of the problems to follow.

He occasionally goes too far, of course, as when he says that it is in England "shocking 'bad form' to display any symptoms of æsthetic or intellectual superiority," or when he remarks that "enthusiasm for any mortal thing except dividends or golf is anathema maranatha." Such little slips are born of his own enthusiasm, and may be regarded indulgently. Later in the volume, when he comes to analyse and discuss Socialism, his insight is notable. He shows up the folly of expecting life to conform to rules, to be bound by the terms of a philosophy; he indicates the nice distinction to be drawn between *identity* of interests and *community* of interests; and he has a pungent page or two dealing with the ideals of the tub-thumping democrat. Let us quote a paragraph from "Psychopathia Socialis":—

More altruistic devotion to the welfare of the "workers," haphazard assurance that the triumph of their "cause" necessarily involves the betterment of the lives of those who live by their heads as well as of those who live by their hands, must, since there is in politics no such thing as gratitude, inevitably lead to disillusionment and betrayal. For the manual workers are many, and, since they have the vote, are, as they now begin to realise, powerful; the brain-workers are comparatively few and, politically speaking, unimportant. More beef, more beer, more football, and more bank holidays: these in brutal verity are the aims underlying and energising those agitations of the Labour Party for which such high-sounding motives are, in all innocence and good faith, being alleged by its middle-class bottle-washers and camp-followers. I envy the optimism of those who imagine that when the "working man" has got so much of these good things as his heart desires he will care a brass farthing what fate befalls his former allies. . . .

The chapter entitled "The Paper Age" is a fine glimpse at the results of the modern passion for writing and reading; but we cannot stay to quote more. The remedy suggested by the author—a society formed of men and women whose

thoughts and ideals are definitely turned towards the solution of the problems of human destiny by practical methods—seems sensible and feasible; but we rather doubt whether it would contain in itself the germ of permanence. However that may be, Dr. Whitby has in his own way done good work for the cause he has at heart, and we commend his latest book to all who are interested in the struggle between Capital and Labour, the problems of ethics and morals—in a word, the many arresting signs of the times which are evident in English life to-day.

CORONATION LITERATURE

Rex et Imperator: Coronation Ode. By J. H. E. WHILE.
Illustrated by EDWARD MORTON and H. FOSTER NEWBY.
(Siegle, Hill and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Vision of the King. By REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.
(Greening and Co. 6d. net.)

Coronation Poem and Love-Songs. By K. H. D. CECIL.
(Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Forms of Prayer, with Music edited by SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus.Doc. (Novello and Co., Ltd., and Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd. 1s. net.)

The Form and Order of the Coronation Service. (Novello and Co., Ltd.)

A TREMENDOUS outpouring of miscellaneous literature was to be expected in connection with the principal event of the present year, and we select a few of the best specimens for notice. Mr. Ernest While's elaborate "Ode on the Coronation of their Most Gracious Majesties" is bordered and illustrated very beautifully by his collaborators, and most of his versifying is good. In places, however, he spoils the effect of otherwise meritorious stanzas by faulty rhyming: "explores" and "cause," "main" and "name," we may gently point out, do not run happily in the harness of rhyme. The "charger wight," on page 10, must be a slip for "charger white." With these exceptions, the daintily-produced little volume is an admirable souvenir of the celebrations.

As is usual with the work of Miss Bloch, the "Vision of the King" has a touch of mysticism, obtained, so far as we can judge, more by the use of a peculiar style of words and exotic composition than by genuine, inherent emotion. The scene of the word-play is Westminster Abbey, and "in the chequered violet glow" a spirit addresses the King:—

... To thee I come from blue infinitudes. Yea, I have left the empyrean heights and trod the shining ladder Jacob saw that dead, strange night at Bethel when he slept upon the stone which rests beneath thy chair. From the bright company of saints I trend, whose fleckered haloes circle in wide maze about the dais of the Eternal King and from whose serried ranks glad hymnal lutes in rippling paeans of praise and fair delight.

Thus the spirit; and other characters—King Aidan, King Alfred, Canute, "Edward, the Confessor yclept," and King Edward VII.—carry on the conversation. In her own original way Miss Bloch writes well, and her volume makes a pleasant change from the ordinary run of Coronation booklets.

With varied rhythms and forms, and one accomplished essay in the *terza rima*, K. H. D. Cecil commemorates the

crowning of King George V. and Queen Mary. The poem, under its several headings, only occupies ten pages out of the sixty-three which complete the book; the remaining "Love-Songs" are very delicate and charming, almost without exception, but in the present notice we cannot treat them with the lengthier attention which they deserve.

The "Forms of Prayer," with suitable music, and the "Form and Order of the Coronation Service" will be treasured by those who wish to reproduce, in less ambitious modes, the majestic harmonies of the Abbey. Stainer, Elgar, and Bridge are names to conjure with in the musical world, and in the thicker of these two volumes will be found compositions by many other well-known men. Both of the books are clearly printed and well arranged, and should have a large sale.

The Coronation Number of *Punch* is somewhat of a *tour de force* in humorous work. It must have been no easy matter to have selected every item so that the event of the week should be referred to, but *Punch*, or Mr. Owen Seaman and his assistants, has managed it, and he, or they, must be congratulated heartily. "Mr. Punch's Variety Entertainment" is excellent, and the illustrations will cause chuckles enough to last a month. Especially good is page 435, where Chaucer misses the Canterbury excursion train. Ethelred the Unready causes an obstruction at a Tube booking-office, and other historical characters are spiked by the wit of Mr. George Morrow. The "Daily Evening's Prize Coronation Ode" is very funny indeed, with its specimens of verse which every editor will recognise as cruelly near to the truth; but we must leave our readers to explore this special issue on their own account. We can promise them that the sixpence will be well spent.

The special number of the *Field*, issued this week, is devoted to a most interesting *résumé* of historical Coronation affairs in general, the accessories, which are apt to be overlooked, receiving exceptionally good treatment. The Regalia, the Investiture of the Prince of Wales, the Horse in Coronation Ceremonies, the Coinage and Coronation Medals, the Royal Stables, the Old State Coaches—these and other subjects constitute a very fine souvenir indeed of the festivities of the present week. Over two hundred illustrations diversify the pages, and a good full-page portrait of his Majesty George V. and the Prince of Wales is included. At the price of a shilling this special issue is wonderful value.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Through the Alps to the Appenines. By P. G. KONODY. (Kegan Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE experiences of a traveller who passes by motor through four European countries cannot fail to be varied. Mr. Konody's trip was decidedly a comprehensive one, since it included France, Italy, Austria, and Germany. It is to Italy, however, that by far the greatest space in the volume is devoted. The author professes himself a lover of the land of sunshine, oranges, and architectural beauty, and he gives abundant evidence towards the proof of his claim in the course of the book. The choice of route here was judiciously chosen. The reasons that urged Mr. Konody towards that particular selection of the picturesque are best given in his own words:—

Italy herself is so inexhaustible in her ever-varied attractions that motoring soon becomes a means of seeing the less

tourist-ridden parts of the country within reasonable time. Many of the most attractive cities and monuments of Italy are so difficult of access by any other means of locomotion that a week would be needed to do the work done by car in a day. Only it is necessary not to be too voracious—to be content with seeing the best, and only the best, and to know by previous study where the best is to be found.

This method might be studied with advantage by all those who intend to put their tyres to the proof on the Southern roads. The result, as shown by the material of the book, has been highly successful. We obtain, for instance, impressions and sketches of the town of Volterra that are valuable, and the chapter on unspoiled San Gimignano, "the City of Beautiful Towers," is of great interest. Indeed, the collection of descriptions of Art galleries, edifices, and monuments has been brought together with a skill and discrimination that makes it well worth perusal by all who are interested in the fine arts of the Peninsula.

So far as the actual journey was concerned, the problem of dust that is common to all countries occasionally reached a climax. As the author himself realised, it is improbable that the course of the car was invariably followed by benedictions on the part of the peasantry. Here is the account of a meeting with a brother-disturber of the powdery soil of the marble region:—

Right in front of us on the straight road we saw a dense volume of smoke, which made us think the whole countryside was on fire, until it dawned upon us that we were merely facing an approaching car, and that the supposed conflagration before our eyes was no worse than the one behind us, of which we ourselves were guilty. Luckily there was a little branch road on the right, leading to a farmhouse. We ran up this providential refuge some fifty yards, and quickly improvised a roof of rugs and overcoats, under which we ducked as the cloud drew near . . . we had to wait a good two minutes before we could venture to peep out, and even then the landscape appeared as through a veil of heavy mist.

The sketches of the Austrian and German towns and scenery that were passed on the homeward way of the car are very effectively rendered. To those who are concerned with landscape and Nature rather than with art and sculpture this latter part of the work will prove at least as interesting as the first. The volume is liberally provided with photographs and with pencil-sketches.

Cheapside to Arcady. By ARTHUR SCAMMEL. (Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.)

To the dweller in a great town is given a faculty lacking to the large majority of Arcadians—the faculty of appreciating in its full intensity the poignant charm of meadow, woodland, and stream. To the countryman these things are hard realities of everyday life. The meadow is for mowing, the wood for felling. Often the placid stream of summer is a devouring fiend in winter. And ever present is the uncouth figure of *labor improbus*, unrelenting toil, which doubtless bestows upon the rustic scene much of its charm, but loses none of its unpleasantness for the labourer by reason thereof. The casual visitor from Cheapside sees but the glory and the freshness of a dream, and is blind to the latent spectre of *duris urgens in rebus egestas*. Well for him, happy man! With him we have no quarrel, for it is good to be reminded now and again of the beauty of quiet rustic scenes; to have one's mind "swept of all careful worldly thought, and garnished for a time with the peace and beauty of summer."

The prevailing tone of this pleasant book is one of gentle appreciation of small beauties, tinged here and there with traces of cultured melancholy. Why is it that the contemplation of beauty should so commonly produce in the beholder a subdued feeling of sadness? A few of these essays have already appeared in the pages of various periodical publications, and they are almost uniformly good. Good because they do not fly too high, but, like the muse of Horace, realise the margin of safety for literary flight. You dream sometimes of that land of perpetual summer which lies over the hills and far away, and at times the dream becomes vivid. You see the glorious purple hills, ridged with the light that never was on sea or land, the immortal blue pine trees, through which floats the voice that oft-times hath charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn; and upon a sudden your dream takes mortal shape, and you realise that the sun is setting in fair Surrey, and that if you do not bestir yourself you will miss your train back to town.

Is it credible that an author of Mr. Scammell's calibre should quote, or rather misquote, those peerless lines of Keats' as "magic casements opening on the foam of charmed seas in fairy lands forlorn"? 'Twere more charitable surely to suppose that the printer, being a man of poetic instinct, substituted what, in his view, was a more appropriate epithet. One is reminded of Matthew Arnold's classic misquotation from the same author's "moving waters at their priestlike task of pure ablation round Earth's human shores," wherein "pure" appeared as "cold." Keats must positively have squirmed in his lowly bed. *Sed hæc hactenus*. This book should do something towards instilling into the mind of the thoughtless or unobservant Londoner a measure of gratitude to our London parks and trees. These notes are written beneath the daily-growing shade of the Temple planes. Upon a sweltering August day this spot is a perfect little oasis amidst the waste of brick and stone. Therefore let no man impugn the beauty of the plane-tree.

The Belmont Book. By VADOS. With an Introduction by ARNOLD BENNETT. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

WE read every page of this book with pleasure and genuine relaxation. It is a book of pure delight, as refreshing as a holiday; indeed, it is a holiday. It transports you to Normandy and guides you through that charming country, enabling you to get the joy and tonic of the atmosphere, and your mind to stretch itself in the quiet and beauty of the surroundings.

As Mr. Arnold Bennett claims in his too short preface, this is not a Nature book, but a human nature book. Written by a woman, Mr. Bennett tells us, and a woman novelist resident in Paris, he warns us that—

She is just the sympathetic spectator and listener at large—utterly at large. She is exercising a faculty which knows nothing of either selection or prim orderliness. She goes her own way, and she must be followed in the spirit in which she goes. The wise reader must be prepared for anything and everything; he must prime himself with the conviction that the one regularity of this book will be the regularity with which the unexpected happens in it. Thus, for example, in the chapter entitled "Harvest" he will find very little about harvesting, but a great deal about rural dinner-parties—such Norman repasts as Guy de Maupassant, reciting them, twisted and hammered by his overbearing and splendid art into dramatic pages, but which my

authoress, more realistic than the realist, presents to you in their original naïve straightforwardness. Thus also the reader should not ask himself why the book has been called "Belmont." There is much about Belmont in it, but there is much more that is not about Belmont. A writer with a mania for giving accurate definition might have been inclined to call it "The Moulin de la Lavindiere Book," or even "The Normandy Book," neither of which titles would have been so happy as the slightly unreasonable "Belmont."

Belmont is the name the authoress gives to a little town in Lower Normandy, but Belmont is not the real name of the town. It is an ancient town of really splendid history, but off the beaten track, only to be found by those who have a scent, and only to be enjoyed by those who know the best things life has to offer. It is here, in this ancient little town, with the monuments of the past in its stores and the memories of its founders yet in its people, that the authoress has a little cottage, a perch out of human reach, from which can be sung the individual note without fear of disturbance or overhearing. The whole district is a gold-mine to the historical sense, a panorama to reflect on without being hastened with the thought that one will use it up. "The Belmont Book" is like no other that we know—fresh from cover to cover, full of human interest, palpitating with the joy of life. We can say nothing to indicate our opinion of it better than that, having read it through, our chief wish now is to read it through again.

Groundwork of French Composition. By ERNEST WEEKLEY, M.A. (W. B. Clive, University Tutorial Press. 2s.)

IN this little volume Professor Weekley has produced an admirable work which will prove invaluable to learners of French. It is an attempt at doing for the beginner in French Prose Composition what the author's larger work on this subject tries to do for the advanced student. There is a grammatical introduction which deals particularly with those constructions which generally give most trouble to beginners. We have nothing but praise to bestow on the section "Hints on Translating English into French," which gives instances of many common words which are frequently mistranslated. The "Passages for Translation" are remarkably well chosen. They are evidently selected from the best authors, and are very varied, though history perhaps predominates amongst them. There are numerous helpful references to the grammatical portion of this extremely useful manual.

The Progress Book: an Illustrated Register of the Development of a Child from Birth until Coming of Age. By J. J. PILLEY, Ph.D. (The Leadenhall Press. 1s. 6d.)

THE writer says in his Preface that he has compiled this little book to serve as a simple guide for registering the more interesting facts relating to the early infancy of a child, and later as a record of physical, mental, and spiritual growth and development. The little volume is a very pretty one, bound in white with gold lettering. After birth and baptismal records have been noticed, progress up to the second birthday, with health records, may all be recorded under the headings set apart. There is an annual autograph register, spaces for holiday records, religious progress, &c. As the child advances in age more detailed references are allowed for. There are spaces for the insertion of photographs of the child from the age of two until he or she attains majority. It is a little work which home-loving mothers will be very desirous of possessing.

FICTION

STORIES WEIRD AND OTHERWISE

Uncanny Tales. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Tales of the Uneasy. By VIOLET HUNT. (William Heinemann. 6s.)

The Green Curve. By "OLE LUK-OIE." (William Blackwood and Sons. 1s. net.)

THE stories contained in the first two works on our list will give the reader a surfeit of mystery and horror, and, to paraphrase the Ghost in "Hamlet," "will harrow up his soul, freeze his young blood, make his two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres." The third work introduces the uninitiated to the humours and horrors of modern warfare.

"UNCANNY TALES."

There are seven of them, and they reveal the late Mr. Marion Crawford in a quite unfamiliar aspect. They are of uncommon vividness and power, and somewhat reminiscent of Edgar Allan Poe's weird stories. Only one, "For the Blood is the Life," has an Italian setting, the scenes of the others being laid either at sea or within the confines of the United Kingdom; but they all give the author plenty of opportunity for the display of the varied local colour of which he was such a master. The most gruesome are perhaps the two seafaring tales—"Man Overboard!" and "The Upper Berth," the latter especially.

"TALES OF THE UNEASY"

will bring an uneasy feeling to most of those who read them. Miss Violet Hunt appears to have a lively and, at the same time, a very morbid imagination, if the paradox may be permitted. "The Prayer" rather impressed us at first, and we wondered to what mysterious climax the authoress would bring the extraordinary situation she had created; but we must confess we thought the morphia *finale* rather tame. There is a vein of humour running through the story entitled "The Coach," which is the Coach of Death, and the conversation between the passengers is quite enjoyable. "The Witness" is a very dramatic tale, and "The Barometer" a most pathetic one. The ninth and last tale in the volume, "The Tiger-Skin," we consider somewhat sordid and repulsive, and we think that Miss Hunt would do well to eschew such scientific subjects as Eugenics when writing short stories for general consumption.

"THE GREEN CURVE."

The author who adopts the curious pseudonym "Ole Luk-Oie," which savours alike of the land of wooden nutmegs and *la belle France*, writes very realistically of warfare up-to-date. This volume is made up of eleven short stories, though there is no intimation to that effect on the cover, the majority of which are naturally tragic, while a rich vein of humour runs through the others. "When Dog Eats Dog" shows how resourceful Tommy could be out in South Africa when he required firewood for culinary purposes. Other amusing incidents of the same theatre of war are related in "One Night" and "Cuvée Réservee." In "The Point of View" we learn how under the new rules a Commander-in-Chief may successfully carry through a whole campaign without once setting eyes on the enemy. "Eddy of War" depicts from both the humorous and tragic points of view what is likely to happen to London when the troops of a certain

foreign Power effect a landing on our east coast. "Ole Luk-Oie's" pages are engrossing reading.

The Jewess. By MULVY OUSELEY. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

MR. OUSELEY knows how to construct a plot of that kind most familiar to readers of serial stories; he knows all about the pallid brow, the steely glare, and the sinuous smile. He knows that Americans begin each sentence with the word "Say," and that moneylenders are usually financed by well-known banks. He knows that if the hero is melancholy the hero's friend should be breezy, and that if one heroine is fair and quiet the other should be dark and persuasive. With all this knowledge it is inevitable that he should write a good book, even though his dialogues are perhaps inclined to go on for half-a-dozen pages more than is strictly necessary, and his *pièce de résistance* in characters—a Jew moneylender of a humorous turn—is apt to forget in moments of excitement his proper German-Dutch-Cockney *patois* and talk in respectable English. We think Mr. Ouseley's mistake in this book is that he tries to make it in some degree a comedy of manners, for which style he is not very well fitted. He would, in our opinion, be wiser to keep to melodrama of a swift and relentless nature. We note with regret that there is only one murder in the book, and that—however, we must not give it away.

Peter's Progress. By CHRISTOPHER HEATH. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

MR. CHRISTOPHER HEATH gives us a healthy selection of Anglo-Indians, seen through a haze of unintellectual Public-Schoolism, a rather artless but pleasant tale, and three hundred and two pages of very nice and careful English. The impecunious subaltern with the peppery uncle is perhaps a very familiar character, also the blustering colonel, the captain, caddish or entirely elegant, the gallant major, the prosy old fogeys of dinner-parties, the dazzling married woman who plays so large a part in Indian social life, and last, but not least, the beautiful heroine. Peter is the subaltern, and a very nice fellow—not too slangy, we are glad to say. The caddish captain with the sleek hair is properly objectionable, the married lady is properly fascinating, and the heroine all that dreams could desire. Some of the characters are sketched quite neatly, and the local colour is not forgotten. Mr. Heath makes no pretence of having anything to say; he is merely out for a pleasant tale of debt and love and court-martial, and all is done as well as such slight things can be done.

ART

THE GOUPIL GALLERY

THE exhibition of Mr. T. E. Mostyn's pictures now open at the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street includes several interesting and beautiful things. At least one of these, "Peace," has been bought by the Manchester Art Gallery. "Peace" is not painted, however, in the manner characteristic of the majority of the paintings, and there are only about four others akin to it in the whole collection. Mr. Mostyn has called his exhibition "Romance in Colour," and the greater number of the pictures entirely justify this name. Whereas "Peace" and the few others mentioned above are painted in a flat, Whistlerian manner, the texture of the canvas showing through the paint, in the rest the colours are laid on thickly as though with the palette-knife, and the effect of the artist's use of brilliant colour in this method is a romanticism which is rather oppressive.

Nothing is left to the imagination. We are told not only what we are to see, but almost what we are to think and feel. Such names as "Peace" and "Dawn" are exchanged for "The Temple of the Morning Sun," "The Domain of Arnheim," and "The Garden of Memory"—names most unfortunately reminiscent of transformation-scenes at the pantomime. Indeed, there is a good deal of the atmosphere of the theatre about them. It is not, however, the result, but the spirit of theatrical effects of which we are reminded. There is no sort of gaudiness; it is rather the aggressiveness of concentrated romance—if we may so express it. There is, however, some fine work and colour in the picture of a girl, which has also been acquired by the Manchester Gallery.

At the Modern Gallery in Bond-street there is a very interesting exhibition of the work of Mr. F. F. Ogilvie which should be visited by all who are interested in the archaeology of ancient Egypt. It includes eight accurate paintings of the statues of the Pharaoh who built the Third Pyramid and of his queen, recently found by Dr. Reisner, for whom the copies were made. In addition to these there are some fifty water-colours of Egypt, which give an impression of being accurate transcripts of scenery.

SOME NEW FRENCH BOOKS

ONE of the best-known personalities of the Parisian newspaper world is M. René Puaux, who is both a journalist and a poet. Besides being a distinguished linguist, thoroughly versed in foreign literatures, and having accomplished several important voyages as a reporter for *Le Temps*, he has written a book of poems, "La Grille du Jardin" (Plon, Nourrit, and Co.), in which rare and subtle emotions and sentiments are expressed in delicate and refined verse. The following poem, entitled "Tendresse," especially charmed us, and it gives a good impression of M. Puaux's work:—

La tendresse une fois donnée
Demeure et vit autour de nous.
C'est une fleur qui, moissonnée,
Repousse et grimpe à nos genoux.
Si quelque nuit à ta fenêtre
Tu sens passer comme des voix,
Ne tremble pas, ce sont peut-être
Quelques tendresses d'autrefois.
Quelques tendresses oubliées
Qui s'éveillèrent sous tes pas,
Et qui chantent, supplicées,
Car les tendresses n'oublient pas.
Les roses au matin fanées
Font pourtant le soir parfumé,
Et l'amour, après des années,
Laisse le goût d'avoir aimé.

Those who will take the trouble to read "Silhouettes Anglaises" (Librairie des Annales, 3f. 50c.), M. René Puaux's latest work, will not regret the time thus spent. Having passed two years in England as correspondent of *Le Temps*, M. Puaux had leisure to study closely the English personalities and peculiarities which he presents to the French public. Written in a light, vivacious, and occasionally ironical style, susceptible, however, of subtle shading according to the necessities of his subjects, these essays, or rather sketches, of many British political or artistic celebrities ought to interest readers in England, as being a very sincere reflection of a Frenchman's opinion.

M. René Puaux appears to hold in high esteem many of the leading political men of the day, though his admiration is often tempered by a satirical touch or a whimsical anecdote.

dote. By a graceful courtesy, the author of "Silhouettes Anglaises" has consecrated the first of his sketches to Florence Nightingale, and, speaking of her, he quotes Longfellow's "Santa Filomena":—

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room. . . .
A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

And M. Puaux thus eloquently describes Florence Nightingale's abnegation during the Crimean War:—

Florence Nightingale tenait au symbolisme de son nom. N'était-elle pas le doux rossignol qui chante la nuit pour le bonheur de la maison? Elle eut à lutter contre les médecins arriérés, le personnel administratif, ses propres infirmières épuisées. Elle ne connut pas d'obstacle. La vieille légende des fées bienfaisantes se renouvelait. Les blessés espéraient à nouveau en la guérison, les mourants se redressaient sur leur couche au bruit de ses pas, au son de sa voix.

M. Puaux passes from one personality to another, swiftly outlining their dominant traits, underlining occasionally their foibles, but ever rendering homage to their qualities. Speaking of Mr. Asquith, he observes that the Premier has wisely adopted for his own the motto of one of the heroes of Pierre Veber, the well-known author:—"1. Il ne faut pas compliquer sa vie; 2. Ne nous frappons pas; 3. Tout s'arrange."

Passing from the political realm to the artistic domain, the author of "Silhouettes Anglaises," in a very sober, closely-knit study, retraces the mysterious death of John Davidson. In an essay entitled "Une Enigme Littéraire" he reveals to the French public the curious double life of William Sharp, who was also "Fiona MacLeod," and who never allowed the truth to be known, even by his publishers, until after his death. M. Puaux cleverly describes what he imagines must have been the sentiments of William Sharp on seeing the works signed by him hardly noticed by the critics, while those appearing under the signature of "Fiona MacLeod" were systematically lauded by them. Aubrey Beardsley and Holman Hunt also figure in this gallery of portraits, which forms delightful reading for leisure hours. And if occasionally some of M. Puaux's opinions may not be quite in accordance with British views, his readers ought to overlook this divergence of ideas, remembering that his book has the treble merit of being witty, conscientious, and sincere.

Mme. Colette Yver's pet hobby is feminism, and the good or bad action it may have on family life or on society in general. But in her new novel, "Le Métier de Roi" (Calmann-Lévy, 3f. 50c.), she seems to have strayed from her favourite device of placing a husband and wife exercising the same profession in direct opposition one to another; and in doing so she has ventured rather beyond her depth. Her heroine, a beautiful young anarchist, who adds to her innumerable charms that of being one of the most renowned chemists of the day, begins her life by chanting the "Internationale" with conviction, and ends by singing, with a still greater vehemence, the royalist anthem of the fictitious kingdom of Lithuania.

Clara Hersberg, called to the Court of Lithuania in order to initiate the Grand Duchess Wanda into the mysteries of inorganic chemistry, becomes gradually alienated from the revolutionary cause of which she and Ismael Kozor, to whom she is engaged, were the promoters. She even becomes so conservative as to fall in love with the Sovereign Wolfram V., when she witnesses the dangers and difficulties encompassing

the profession of king. Learning from Kozor that an attempt is to be made on Wolfram's life during the festivities of Wanda's marriage to Duke Bertie, she does not hesitate to denounce Ismael in order to save the monarch. The novel closes with the description of a visit which Clara makes to Wolfram, in order to obtain his permission to follow Kozor to the islet in the Pacific Ocean whither he has been banished, as she is determined to marry him, and thus expiate her treachery towards him.

"Le Métier de Roi," though containing some fine scenes, is much less interesting than Mme. Colette Yver's preceding works; the characters appear improbable; the situation seems impossible, and the whole action is disjointed. The revolutionary Ismael Kozor is weak and irresolute, a piteous specimen of his type; Clara Hersberg is unnatural by the sentiment she nourishes for the King, hereditary enemy, or at least opponent, of her and her class, and especially by the ease with which she, the ardent Nihilist, accustoms herself to Court life and ceremonials. Indeed, of all the characters presented to us in the course of this work, that of the king appears the most sympathetic and comprehensible, his special distinction being a continual striving after sincerity, a perpetual effort towards finding what really is his duty as king on earth.

In "Le Roman Français" (Louis Michaud, 2f.) M. Gabriel Clouzet has undertaken to give a résumé of the evolution of the novel in France, and he has succeeded in presenting us with an interesting compilation of the works of the most celebrated novelists, together with a short biographical and analytical notice of each. The preface, entitled "L'Histoire du Roman," by M. Charles Simond, greatly adds to the attraction of the book. M. Simond has briefly retraced the origin of the novel throughout the ages, passing from Egypt, where we find the romance of Anepou and Seti, written in the fourteenth century B.C., to Europe and the novels of Fielding, Goldsmith, Voltaire, l'Abbé Prévost and Goethe. M. Simond thus ends his entertaining preface:—

Le Roman au XIX^e. et au XX^e. siècles sera semblable à une plaine immense où pousseront l'un à côté de l'autre toutes les cultures. Il ne sera plus possible de cataloguer tous les romanciers et leurs ouvrages. Pour en dresser l'inventaire, pour en déterminer la valeur, pour en signaler les beautés et les défauts en faisant le triage avec impartialité, une vie de Bénédicte ne suffirait pas.

M. Gabriel Clouzet relates in a very instructive study the evolution of the French novel, showing how to the idealism and asceticism of the Middle Ages succeeded a joyous and merry philosophy of life, while the really natural style of writing was only revealed in 1678 by Madame de Lafayette's celebrated romance, "La Princesse de Clèves." "It is," declares M. Clouzet, "the first analytical novel, and one may also say the first great masterpiece of the kind." The author of "Le Roman Français" shows that the eighteenth-century novel was subject to too many influences to be very definite. But he remarks that Marivaux, in his works "La Vie de Marianne" and "Le Paysan Parvenu," prepared the way for the character-novel, as his writings contain some very penetrating analytical qualities which remind one of modern psychologists.

A quite modern form of fiction is the social novel, treating of divers important public questions. The standard work of this kind is "Germinal," by Zola. But of late years numerous authors have devoted their talents towards depicting the terrible injustice of the inequality of the present conditions of life and the sufferings of the poorer classes. Amongst the strongest works of this kind, both in conception and style, are "La Vague Rouge," by J. H. Rosny, aîné; "Les Va-nu-pieds," by Léon Cladel; the vehement story of "Jacques Vingtras," by Jules Vallès;

"L'Apprentie," by Gustave Geffroy, treating of life in the Parisian faubourgs. And in "Les Hanneçons de Paris" M. Georges Lecomte has studied and described the thirst our society has for money, the fascination lucre exercises over all imaginations with the exactness of a rigorous judge. Thus M. Clouzet describes and delimits the numerous subdivisions of the "Roman Français," and we can only regret that he has thought wise to cite such short quotations from the works he deals with; for, from the extracts he gives, any one not familiar with the books mentioned would find it very difficult, if not almost impossible, to form a correct impression of the style and thought of the authors to whom he refers.

MARC LOGÉ.

THE STORY OF A BOOK

III.—THE CRITIC ERRANT

THERE are some emotions so intimate that the most intrepid writer hesitates to chronicle them lest it should be inferred that he himself is in the confessional. We have endeavoured to show our author as a level-headed Englishman with his nerves well under control and an honest contempt for emotionalism in the stronger sex; but his feelings in the face of the first little bundle of reviews sent him by the press-cutting agency would prove this portrait incomplete. He noticed with a vague astonishment that the flimsy scraps of paper were trembling in his fingers like banknotes in the hands of a gambler, and he laid them down on the breakfast-table in disgust of this feminine weakness. This unmistakable proof that he had written a book, a real book, made him at once happy and uneasy. These fragments of smudged prints were his passport into a new and delightful world; they were, it might be said, the name of his destination in the great republic of letters, and yet he hesitated to look at them. He heard of the curious blindness of authors that made it impossible for them to detect the most egregious failings in their own work, and it occurred to him that this might be his malady. Why had he published his book? He felt at that moment that he had taken too great a risk. It would have been so easy to have had it privately printed and contented himself with distributing it among his friends. But these people who were paid for writing about books, these critics who had sent Keats to his gallipots and Swinburne to his fig-tree might well have failed to have recognised that his book was sacred, because it was his own.

When he had at last achieved a fatalistic tranquillity, he once more picked up the notices, and this time he read them through carefully. The *Rutlandshire Gazette* quoted Shakespeare, the *Thurms Times* compared him with Christopher North, the *Stamford-bridge Herald* thought that his style resembled that of Macaulay, but they were unanimous in praising his book without reservation. It seemed to the author that he was listening to the authentic voice of fame. He rested his chin on his hand and dreamed long dreams.

He could afford in this hour of his triumph to forget the annoyances he had undergone since his book was first accepted. The publisher, with a large first edition to dispose of, had been rather more than firm with the author. He had changed the title of the book from "Earth's Returns," a title that had seemed to the author dignified and pleasantly literary, to "The Improbable Marquis," which seemed to him to mean nothing at all. Moreover, instead of giving the book a quiet and scholarly exterior, he had bound it in boards of an injudicious heliotrope, inset with a nasty little coloured picture of a young woman with a St. Bernard dog. This binding revolted the author,

who objected, with some reason, that in all his book there was no mention of a dog of that description, or, indeed, of any dog at all. The book was wrapped in an outer cover that bore a recommendation of its contents, starting with a hideous split infinitive and describing it as an exquisite social comedy written from within. On the whole it seemed to the author that his book was flying false and undesirable colours, and since art lies outside the domesticities, he was hardly relieved when his wife told him that she thought the binding was very pretty. The author had shuddered no less at the little paragraphs that the publisher had inserted in the newspapers concerning his birth and education, wherein he was bracketed with other well-known writers whose careers at the University had been equally undistinguished. But now that, like Byron, he found himself famous among the bacon and eggs, he was in no mood to remember these past vexations. As soon as he had finished breakfast he withdrew himself to his study and wrote half an essay on the Republic of Letters.

In a country wherein fifteen novels—or is it fifty?—are published every day of the year the publisher's account of the goods he sells is bound to have a certain value. Money talks, as Mr. Arnold Bennett once observed—indeed to-day it is grown quite garrulous—and when a publisher spends a lot of money on advertising a book the inference is that some one believes the book to be good. This will not secure a book good notices, but it will secure it notices of some kind or other, and that, as every publisher knows, is three-quarters of the battle. The average critic to-day is an old young man who has not failed in literature or art, possibly because he has not tried to accomplish anything in either. By the time he has acquired some skill in criticism he has generally ceased to be a critic, through no fault of his own, but through sheer weariness of spirit. When a man is very young he can dance upon every one who has not written a masterpiece with a light heart, but after this period of joyous savagery there follows fatigue and a certain pity. The critic loses sight of his first magnificent standards, and becomes grateful for even the smallest merit in the books he is compelled to read. Like a mother giving a powder to her child, he is at pains to disguise his timid censure with a teaspoonful of jam. As the years pass by he becomes afraid of these books that continue to appear in unreasonable profusion, and that have long ago destroyed his faith in literature, his love of reading, his sense of humour, and the colouring matter of his hair. He realises, with a dreadful sense of the infinite, that when he is dead and buried this torrent of books will overwhelm the individualities of his successors, bound like himself to a lifelong examination of the insignificant.

Timidity is certainly the note of modern criticism, which is rarely roused to indignation save when confronted by the infrequent outrage of some intellectual anarchist. If the critics of the more important journals were not so enthusiastic as their provincial *confrères*, they were at least gentle with "The Improbable Marquis." A critic of genius would have said that such books were not worth writing, still less worth reading. An outspoken critic would have said that it was too dull to be an acceptable presentation of a life that we all find interesting. As it was, most of the critics praised the style in which it was written because it was quite impossible to call it an enthralling or even an entertaining book. Some of the younger critics who still retained an interest in their own personalities discovered that its vacuity made it a convenient mirror by means of which they would display the progress of their own genius. In common gratitude they had to close these manifestations of their merit, with a word or two in praise of the book they were professing to review. "The Improbable Marquis" was very favourably received by the Press in general.

It was, as the publisher made haste to point out in his

advertisements, a book of the year, and, reassured by its flippant exterior, the libraries and the public bought it with avidity. The author pasted his swollen collection of newspaper-cuttings into an album, and carefully revised his novel in case a second edition should be called for. There was one review which he had read more often than any of the others, and nevertheless he hesitated to include it in his collection. "This book," wrote the anonymous reviewer, "is as nearly faultless as a book may be that possesses no positive merit. It differs only from seven-eighths of the novels that are produced to-day in being more carefully written. The author had nothing to say, and he has said it." That was all, three malignant lines in a paper of no commercial importance, the sort of thing that was passed round the publisher's office with an appreciative chuckle. In the face of the general amiability of the Press, such a notice in an obscure journal could do the book no harm.

Only the author sat hour after hour in his study with that diminutive scrap of paper before him on the table, and wondered if it was true.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

A LOATHSOME BOOK

WE have by chance come across a copy of this book,* which has been brought out altogether surreptitiously, without any indication whatever of the names of the author, publisher, or place of issue, whether in England or India. It is no mere pamphlet, but a book of small octavo size, of 444 pages, well-printed, bound in a bright red paper cover, the colour being doubtless selected to attract attention and to convey some idea of the truculent character of the contents. It purports to be a translation, made speedily by several hands, of a work originally written in an Indian vernacular, of which the name is also concealed. It claims also to have been translated at the urgent solicitation of many persons, with the express object that, when retranslated into the other vernaculars, it might be read by the whole Indian nation—mark the word—as the history of the War of Independence. We would fain hope that there are not many persons who could have brought themselves to write such a book, and it contains so much evidence of ability and wide reading in its composition that the list of possible authors is further limited. But in the absence of any means of proof it would not be fair to attribute its authorship to any individual, though the strongest suspicions may point to certain persons.

It is without exception the most mischievous—indeed, most wicked—book we have ever seen, and we have no intention of sullyng our pages by quoting from it. Our object in referring to it at all is twofold—to warn any one who may see it of the general nature of its contents, and to inform the public of the reality of the conspiracy against British rule in India, which this book is obviously intended to propagate. Fortunately the Government in India has the legal power, under a recent Press Act, of seizing and suppressing copies of such a publication, and on inquiry we believe that the power has been exercised in this case. But there is no saying how many copies may not have been smuggled into India, or been disseminated there before the attention of the Executive, police, and Customs authorities was attracted to it, or how many may be available there for being circulated, or read aloud, or retranslated into obscure vernaculars, in particular passages or *in extenso*.

The object of the author is clearly to incite the Indian

readers to rebellion by showing how far it succeeded in 1857, and to encourage a repetition of the murders and massacres of the British which were then perpetrated. The Mutiny and mutineers are termed the Revolution and revolutionaries. The real causes and motives are said to be, not the fear of greased cartridges and the annexation of Oudh, but the principles of Swadharma and Swaraj, meaning, according to the glossary attached, "one's own duty or religion" and "independent self-government." The official explanation is scouted that the Mutiny was a military revolt; the author treats it as a popular rising, justified by the iniquities of British rule and political slavery, and the demand for vengeance and liberty. He magnifies and invents objectionable matter on the British side, and minimises or omits atrocious acts of the "revolutionaries." Their leaders, including those who have been branded with infamy for their treachery, cruelty, and massacres, are fulsomely belauded as heroes and patriots, while the British authorities are everywhere disparaged and vilified. Where defeat must be acknowledged failures are attributed to want of constructive power, and to the treachery to the rebel cause of those who, like the Sikhs and Nepalese, stood faithful to the British. The extermination of the Feringhis (an opprobrious term for the British) is indirectly advocated; the possibility of the reopening of the volcano is more than hinted at. This is the truest word in this loathsome book; the British in India live on a volcano, which is always smouldering rather than exhausted.

THE PLIGHT OF PORTUGAL*

By W. H. KOEBEL

A PORTUGUESE author, Mr. V. de Bragança Cunha, has just published a work on the history of the Portuguese Monarchy. The book is in most respects a commendable one. It renders in a conscientious fashion the story of the long chain of kings that began before the curved scimitar of the Moor was driven out of the land, and that ended—when the past and future tenses have so many opportunities of becoming entangled it is best to leave the ending still unsaid!

There is little to comment upon in the earlier pages of this book. The author follows the entrancingly interesting historical thread of the mediæval and later ages with a pleasing clearness of insight and with the impartial judgment that follows a lengthy lapse of years. So much, at all events, was to be expected and hoped for. What is really surprising, and what I, for one, had not in the least expected to find, is that this same impartiality and mental detachment is continued through the era of the present day to the end of the final chapter.

Now politics have of late become part of the very marrow of the average Portuguese. Therefore, even on the part of the most able and impassioned historian there must be some potent reason for this unnaturally calm sifting of facts that are wont to inflame the minds of those who approach them in an alleged judicial spirit. When great issues are pending it is in the power of very few to distribute nicely balanced doses of blame and justification on all hands, regardless of the heavy storm-clouds above.

It is precisely this that our Portuguese author has done. We may not find ourselves in entire agreement with all his views, but none can deny that, according to his lights, he has dealt out strict justice to each party and faction. He has, as it were, collected the vices and virtues of the past

* *The Indian War of Independence of 1857.* By an INDIAN NATIONALIST.

* *Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy.* By V. DE BRAGANÇA CUNHA. (Stephen Swift. 15s. net.)

two generations, sorted them with rather weary care, and has given out the result with a sigh. It is the note of despair that reveals the tenour of the book. Every page, in fact, breathes a spirit of hopelessness so deep as to make even the present appear as of little account beside the fatal and unalterable deeds of the past.

Mr. de Bragança Cunha is himself a Portuguese, and therefore should know. Nevertheless it is not invariably the Portuguese who have proved themselves the ablest prophets of their own destiny. A tired nation, as well as a man, may have its fits of political indigestion, when the black outlook is altogether unsilvered. Ere attempting to arrive at a perhaps less unchequered view of the present situation it would be as well to take a very rapid survey of what has gone before.

In the course of her history six crises have shaken Portugal even more deeply and dramatically than the loss of her colonies, since the latter was the result of a more gradual process. The crushing defeat by the Moors at Alcacer Quibir was the first of these shattering events. Then, the loss of her King and of ten thousand men, the flower of the nation's chivalry, sent Portugal beneath the dominion of Spain for eighty years. In 1755, rather more than a century after the regaining of her independence, came the great earthquake that upheaved commercial prosperity as well as bricks and mortar. The Peninsula campaign, and the Miguelite civil wars that followed; the financial paralysis brought about in 1890 by the misunderstanding with England; the murder of Dom Carlos, that formed the prelude to the recent revolution—these complete the half-dozen of these chief tragedies.

It is necessary to introduce this catalogue of disaster for the purpose of a comparison of the past with the present. Such a comparison has more than a mere abstract value just now. At the conclusion of each of the first five crises the material condition of Portugal was more lamentable and depressing than is at present the case. Yet in each instance the nation has displayed an astonishing recuperative power. In each instance it has climbed again the rungs of the ladder of prosperity, until the next catastrophe sent it to the bottom again.

There is, however, a distinction between the present crisis and those of history that must be borne very clearly in mind. In every one of the previous periods of recuperation Portugal has had before it an ideal upon which to fix its eyes, and a personality in which that ideal was represented and centred. At times this one in the forefront strode forward of his own initiative; at others he was insensibly propelled from beneath. It did not much matter which. The symbol was there, to go or be pushed, and the progress continued. Putting aside for the moment its human incarnation, where is the ideal now? The majority of educated Portuguese will tell you with perfect frankness that they have become completely fogged on the point, and an Iberian nation without an ideal is a rudderless ship indeed.

It is precisely on this account that the country is weighed down beneath an atmosphere of unrest and a conviction of many changes to come. Far be it from me to decry unfairly the efforts of those who seized the helm of State. But the best of intentions are slippery things in untried hands. Human limitations permit the ordinary person to judge all matters, Governments included, by results alone. The present *régime* promised the millennium, and the promise when it was made was largely believed by the ingenuous peasantry. The millennium was not in being at the time: it had to be made. And what has been the constructive policy of this latest form of Portuguese statesmanship? It has curtailed the liberties of the citizens; it has retired in disorder before a sudden great outbreak of strikes strangely inappropriate to the millennium. But in return it has framed

a new code of divorce law that throws open the alluring fields of free love.

In defence it may be urged, with a certain amount of reason, that unrepressed political discontent is fatal to the welfare of the State; that to intervene in strike disorders might fan a larger flame of riot, and that the shuffling together and redealing of husbands and wives is an enlightened tribute to the rational spirit of the age. But as remedies for the condition of Portugal these do not suffice. Political and social experiments, utopian dreams, are luxuries for none but the most staid moments of a stolid nation. Applied to a highly-wrought race whose nerve is suffering from a vital shock they are as effectual and as enduring as a coat of gaudy paint smeared on red-hot embers.

It is easy, of course, to criticise actions undertaken in difficult circumstances. Indeed, had not the movement been ushered in with such confident pomp and proclamation much of the existing ground for criticism would never have arisen, since a more modest programme would have brought about a lesser disillusion. It is instructive to follow the salient points on which the late struggle was nominally fought. Questions of finance and the alleged influence of the priests were the trump-cards in the hands of the erstwhile malcontents. Now there is not a man familiar with the inner workings of the treasury who does not know that upon the Crown was foisted the entire responsibility for financial extravagances, by far the greater part of which lay actually at the doors of others. The statement that the country writhed beneath the heel of the priests cannot bear investigation for a single moment. Clerical influence had declined to a point not readily understood by those who still associate Portugal with the reign of the Inquisition. Priests were mobbed and chased in the streets of Lisbon—I was present just after the occasion—long before the murder of Dom Carlos. In the face of this one plain incident how is it possible to maintain the fiction of priestly dominion? If any terror remained, it was decidedly not on the side of the laymen.

João Franco, the Minister, is popularly held to be responsible to no small degree for the death of Dom Carlos, and for the confusion that has resulted in the establishment of a republic. There is no doubt that Franco went too far in disciplinary methods, and too fast in theory. Yet his aim was the financial cleansing of the State. It was this Minister, who faced the position squarely and who endeavoured to institute fundamental reform, who aroused the bitter hatred of so many politicians of doubtful integrity. The bald truth is that those who were responsible for the death of the King were actuated by no desire for reform. On the contrary, they were the tools of those who, when reform was actually on the way, found the first steps of the phase inconvenient to their perquisites and pockets.

The whole world is familiar with the various chapters of the sequel. Now that the new *régime* has held power for the better part of a year it has become sadly evident that in the midst of the chaos is struggling a nation that is hydra-headed, but numb in body. Once endowed with a compact head, there is no doubt that the body will become animate again. For this body, which consists of the people of Portugal, is made up of busy, honest, and very ingenuous folk, who till their plots of land in the north, labour in the southern cork forests, and cultivate the vineyards and fields throughout the land.

They are folk of whom we hear remarkably little just now. The political feuds, abstruse problems, and the louder mouths of Lisbon and Oporto have drawn attention to themselves at the expense of all else. Yet the vitality of the great mass of the nation—the agricultural population—remains as unimpaired as ever. Just now the countrymen

are asking for nothing beyond intelligent guidance and the firmness of a practical leader. Under such auspices they have come forward often enough to the rescue of their country in the past, and it is at their hands now that the ultimate salvation of Portugal is undoubtedly to be looked for. It is here that lies the brighter side of the Portuguese picture.

THE THEATRE

THE COURT THEATRE

THE IRISH PLAYERS

It was quaint on Monday, the 12th inst., to hear Molière delivered in an Irish brogue. Lady Gregory's translation of the master of pure comedy into the cadence and phrase of West of Ireland speech has already been reviewed in these columns. It reads quaintly enough; yet, to be true, its acting was twice as quaint. There were some among the audience, chiefly among the Irish, who declared their dissatisfaction by leaving the theatre; but the mass of the audience, very rightly, rose to the strange and quite inimitable joy of the moment. The play chosen was, obviously, "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*." We say obviously with deliberation, for in reviewing the Kiltartan Molière some time ago we pointed out that the broad humour of Scapin came far more aptly to the new cadence than "*La Misère*" or "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*." And what we said then with regard to the reading must be added to emphatically with reference to the acting; for Molière spoken in rich and musical language, and associated with none of the conventions that are associated with his productions in French, is a new and complete delight.

This is a day when lavish praise is habitually expended on the unworthy, and when, therefore, the excellent is received with reserve and restriction in order to emphasise the distinction between them. It is an unhappy inversion. Departing from it now, a warmth of praise must be accorded to Mr. Arthur Sinclair as Scapin. We have already had occasion to refer to the splendid comedy powers of this really fine actor; but in "*Les Fourberies de Scapin*" it is not too much to say that the play is himself, and that he is the play. In no one point does he fail to swell out the humour of Scapin to the full; and yet he never once exaggerated.

The same night there was given Synge's "*In the Shadow of the Glen*." Not altogether do we agree with Miss Maire O'Neill's interpretation of the part of Nora Burke. Very rightly she has laid emphasis on the hardness of Nora's disposition; but we would draw her attention to the fact that there is something more than hardness mixed up in her character. It was no merely hard woman who said: "For what good is a bit of farm with cows on it, and sheep on the back hills, when you do be sitting looking out for a door the like of that door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees which were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain." She who spoke thus was a woman with the great hunger of loneliness in her soul; and there is a passage in one of Synge's Wicklow Sketches that link with this to substantiate what we say. This phase of Nora's character Miss O'Neill is somewhat too apt to neglect. Nevertheless, the performance was a haunting one. It was played gravely, at least, more gravely than was "*The Playboy*," to its unutterable advantage. For we do not want to make farce out of so great a soul as J. M. Synge.

On Wednesday was given the first production in London of "*The Casting Out of Martin Whelan*," a play in three Acts

by R. J. Ray. It was a strange and puzzling performance. Full of many fine moments as it was, and with a central idea that was well conceived, we had seldom seen any play that failed as this did. That the conclusion was weak was one thing; but it was far more than weak; in its very weakness it puzzled and perplexed, as though it had narrowly, however absolutely, missed excellence. A touch of artificiality not often given by the Irish Players was accorded by the fact that the time is announced on the programme as "twenty years ago." There are truly only two kinds of drama: that which deals with some phase of contemporary life, and which is therefore but transient and impermanent; and that which deals with primal emotions, whether caught in contemporary life or, more preferably, set in idle and timeless conditions, and which, if justly dealt with, is therefore a joy for ever. But to catch back a way of regarding life which is historic and neither contemporary or primal is to halt on the threshold of that decision of outlook without which drama cannot exist.

This fault is the first thing that mars "*The Casting Out of Martin Whelan*." Martin Whelan, be it said, was an Australian-born Irishman, who had returned to Ireland in order to resume his intimacy with the country and, if it may be, to stand for Parliamentary membership. But the people are mostly suspicious of him; they do not know whether to return his cordiality or to resent his gentility. Moreover, he has struck up great friendship with Peter Barton's daughter Ellen, who has won herself to education, culture, and a certain breadth of outlook, and who is therefore also regarded askance. This is not only in itself an emphasis of his superiority, but it also stirs the enmity of Mrs. Kirby, who has destined Ellen for her son. Then the news was spread abroad that Martin Whelan's mother was the daughter of a man who had turned informer; and any one who knows Ireland (especially "twenty years ago") will not need to be told of the enmity with which an informer's blood is regarded. At once the whole town turns against Martin. The scene in which he demands to know the cause of this sudden coldness, in the club which he himself has aided or established, has a true dramatic grip, and is excellently rendered by Mr. O'Donovan, with Miss Sara Allgood and Mr. Sinclair in opposition.

But now the whole play goes to pieces. A climax has obviously been worked for; and one looks to see whence it will arrive. It never arrives. Peter Barton has forbidden Martin his house. He comes, nevertheless, and wins a promise from Ellen to be his wife. Then, as the curtain comes down on old Peter Barton in fierce anger against his daughter, we are left gasping—expecting more; and wondering. The latter portion has evidently been rewritten too; for early in Martin's talk with Ellen she seems undeniably to be shaping for a refusal of him, and a justification of some kind of her neighbours. Rewritten or not rewritten, however, it is a failure, and a disappointing failure, for much in it was very fine.

On the following evening came "*Harvest*," by Mr. Lennox Robinson; and it did not take long to discover that the author had a very sceptical, if not a very cynical, regard towards those things that the ordinary Irish dramatist cherishes. In country faith and innocence he has little hope; and at education he openly scoffs. Indeed, it would be difficult to find in what he does believe—a state of mind it is to be hoped he will outgrow with a little more experience of life. Indeed, there are evidences enough throughout the play that Mr. Robinson's experience of life has been very superficial. For example, Colonel's daughters may on occasion marry assistants in chemists' shops: they may also talk of getting back to the land; similarly they may idolise their lowly husband's father, who happens to be a rough, untutored farmer. They may do one of these things; but

not often. They might even rise to all of them. But if this be so, then one may be sure that they are very much in love indeed, whereas Mildred Hurley, as interpreted by Miss Kathleen O'Brien, is a very cool and uninfatuated young lady. Partly this was the acting, for Miss O'Brien was very "stagey," which in a company that studies simplicity appeared very ill indeed, but it was also the play.

The story itself is a hackneyed one, and hackneyed in a sophisticated way that one little expects among these players. It was very obviously written for Miss Maire O'Neill (another indication, this, resonant of West London), who, as Mary Hurley, was a farmer's daughter who had fallen into a life of dubious repute in the wicked city of London, and whose earnings in this direction afford an opportune aid to her distressed old father. This would be very touching, except that Mr. Robinson has determined that it shall not be so. Timothy Hurley is himself displayed as of very questionable morality—although one finds it difficult altogether to understand everybody's smug horror at his criminality, which consists of the rather merry prank of burning an old outhouse, and claiming compensation for it. But the erring daughter arrives home the day after the fire. This was also the day on which the chemist son brought home his high-born wife; and so every one had an opportunity of discovering how wicked every one else was. Every one, that is to say, except the old school-master, Patrick Lordan, who nurses his soul, as the curtain rings down, in innocence at having educated his family to the necessary fitness for distinction: and over whom we catch a very perceptible sneer on the part of the author. We must say we rather liked the criminal father; and we certainly were drawn towards the farmer son, for all his duplicity. Perhaps in the latter case this was because of the violent expletives he cast about so freely and so fiercely. Perhaps it was because they were so truly and excellently acted by Messrs. O'Rourke and Kerrigan. Needless to say, Miss O'Neill was good; but she should beware of stage self-consciousness. Even when depicting a part of shadowed purity she should be careful not to seek "limelight." "Limelight" ruins acting. An earnest and admirable rendering was given by Miss O'Doherty as Bridget Twomey, the farmer's son's betrothed.

On the same evening one of Lady Gregory's newer plays, "Full Moon," was presented. No doubt Lady Gregory was seeking to work out a symbolical idea in the early manner of Maeterlinck. It was not successful, however. There was nothing in it of the same value that she gave us in her "Seven Short Plays."

But why all these "curtains"? Have these admirable players fallen so low as to smirk for the plaudit of habit and custom? Having witnessed, say, the supreme conclusion of "Birthright," what could be more terrible than to have that splendid vision ruthlessly destroyed by the sight of four made-up actors bowing to the comfortable plaudit of the stalls? We look to these Irish players for earnest pre-occupation with themselves and their play, and a complete disregard of the audience. If they fall from that, then we shall to have return to the average West-end theatre to see the thing done properly, and not mimicked. But let them not disappoint us.

"DOMBEY AND SON."

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR, who did so well at the Coronet Theatre by producing a series of Albery revivals last year, has just put on the stage of the Savoy Theatre a new version of "Dombey and Son." This, by Mr. Metcalfe Wood, is the only dramatisation of Dickens's book that we have seen,

and it seemed to us to be workmanlike and excellent. In taking such a book as "Dombey and Son," with its quite amazing number of characters and side issues, and a story which is spread rather thinly over a long period of time, Mr. Wood set himself a by no means easy and perhaps not very grateful task in trying to make a play of it. By being extremely plucky, and by following the one dramatic main stream of the story, Mr. Wood has made a play which is interesting, amusing and, once or twice, exciting. He has also caught the atmosphere of the Dickens period extremely cleverly, and collected together, by an able piece of dramatic carpentry, many of the unforgettable although over-elaborated characters or caricatures of the book.

Mr. Wood calls the play "Dombey and Son" naturally enough. He has been wise enough, however, to ring up the curtain after the death of the son. The whole action of this version is round Dombey and wife—the second wife, Edith Skewton. We find her a cold-blooded, beautiful woman, no longer in the first flush of youth, entering into an engagement with the insufferable Dombey because she is sick of being hawked by her deplorable little mother, and is only too ready to sacrifice herself in order to gain ease of mind, money, and some sort of position. The first Act moves slowly. Very little more happens in it than the introduction of the chief characters, and J. B., Walter, Carker, Florence, and Susan Nipper. All these are delightfully brought to life by Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Frederic Worlock, a young actor of great ability and a very pleasing appearance, Mr. Frank Randell, Miss Marjorie Chard, and Miss Dulcie Greatwich. Of Dombey, Edith, and Mrs. Skewton we will speak later. The second Act gives us an evening reception at Dombey's house a year later. Edith is his wife, or, more truthfully, she is legally known as Mrs. Dombey. It is impossible to conceive any sort of domestic life in such a house or any intimacy between such a man and woman. Already, in fact, Dombey is far from satisfied with the result of his bargain. Edith spends his money, scoffs at his friends, treats him exactly as though he were a sort of drum-major stick, and goes her own way. Carker is at work, with his gleaming smile, and Edith's spirit of revolt makes her colder and more aloof than ever. Into this house which is so very much out of order come Lord Feenix, admirably and most sympathetically played by Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mrs. Louisa Chick, realised to perfection by Miss Emily Fitzroy, the Blimbers, Feeder, B.A., Sir Barnet, Lady and Miss Skettles, Mr. Parker, Lady and the Misses Peps, the Rev. Alfred Feeder, and Mr. Toots. As the last-named, Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm was altogether beyond praise. Nothing happens again except a very amusing series of "turns," in which sets of these people take part. With their departure the play starts. There is a most dramatic fracas between the Dombeyes, with Carker as the go-between, which ends with Edith flinging her diamonds at her husband's feet and herself out of the room.

The third Act takes us to the Hotel in Dijon, to which Edith has lured Carker for two purposes—the first to disgrace her husband, and the second to make the man with the white teeth smile on the other side of his face. It is a good Act. It moves rapidly, and when we know that Edith has herself been the means of letting Dombey know that she is at the hotel as Mrs. Carker, we prepare for explosions. In a fine, quiet scene Edith lays her cards on the table, one by one, and as each one goes down, face upwards, Carker's intense satisfaction leaks out, drop by drop. Finally, when he realises that he has been completely misled and fooled, he blusters and plays the blackguard without any attempt at disguise. He believes that he has Edith alone in an annexe of the hotel. He guards the door, and, regaining some of his old satisfaction, becomes familiar, as such a peptonised cad would do. All the time the beautiful, curious woman

backs slowly, and with characteristic dignity, to a door of which Carker knows nothing, but which leads out into the courtyard. Carker suspects, makes a dash forwards, springs at the door, through which the woman whom he desires has disappeared like a flash, and finds it locked. Steps and voices are heard on the stairs. J. B. flings open the door. He is followed by Dombey, a trembling, livid man. Carker, disgraced and humiliated, and, worst of all, found out, throws himself out of window, and down comes the curtain. It is, of course, rank melodrama. Nevertheless, it is effective and powerful, and goes with a swing. It brought the house down.

The next Act is placed in Florence's new home in London, a matter of two years later. She is married to Walter Gay, and is the proud possessor of a baby. Dombey, broken in health and fortune, is eking out a miserable existence upstairs, seeing no one except his daughter, speaking very little to her. Little Lord Feenix and bluff old J. B. enter, and then follows a delightful comedy scene, played by Mr. Clarence and Mr. Calvert in the best ripe old-fashioned manner. These two old persons have come on a mysterious mission, bringing with them some one who has been very kind to Florence. It proves to be Mrs. Dombey. Her entrance brings about a very moving little scene, and ends with the unhappy, dissatisfied, unawakened woman leaving in the girl's hands a letter, in which the whole story of the Dijon episode is made clear—a letter which Florence will presently give to the wreck of a man who sits upstairs, chewing the cud of bitterness and perhaps remorse.

From this rough sketch of the story it will be seen that the greater portion of the novel has gone by the board, together with Cap'n Cuttle and a whole host of other characters who have taken a place in the daily life of whole-hearted Dickensians. For all that, this new version presents a series of amusing, interesting, and dramatic pictures, and the whole is very well worth seeing. The scenery and furniture have been carefully, even tenderly, prepared. The dresses are accurate and good, and the acting all round is quite admirable. The Dombey of Mr. Clifton Alderson is excellent: the rasping voice, the dull, heavy face, the pompous manner are all there. Miss Sidney Farebrother is Mrs. Skewton to the life. There remains Miss Evelyn Millard as Edith Dombey. Miss Millard has never done anything so well as this part. She looks extremely beautiful and as cold as ice. In all her quiet, intense moments she holds our attention and wins our sympathy. It is when she is called upon to give an outburst of hysterical indignation, to lose the self-control she has done her utmost for so many horrid weeks to preserve, that Miss Millard fails. Then her voice becomes shrill and hollow and insincere, and she acts. We are, however, grateful to Miss Millard for the greater part of her performance, and to Mr. Robert Arthur for his temerity and enterprise in producing the play. He deserves success and we trust that he will win it. A more admirable, all-round company cannot be found in any other London theatre except the little one in the Adelphi.

"OLAF LILIEKRANS" AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE

THANKS to the enterprise of the Ibsen Club, "Olaf Liliekrans," one of Ibsen's earliest poetic plays, was presented before a full house at the Rehearsal Theatre on Sunday evening last, for the first time in England. Naturally the occasion was one of exceptional interest. The Ibsen of the later days, of the critical frown and the stormy mind, was absent; in his place we seemed to see a youth with dreamy eyes, his soul steeped in the quaint legends of the North-

land, striving to set before his listeners the sunny, showery landscape of an April morning instead of the sombre closing of a November twilight. Now and then a gust of cynicism brought to mind the dramatist of "Hedda Gabler" and "Ghosts," but the play sped on to its close impelled by the spirit of hope and youth.

Olaf, betrothed to Ingeborg, is bewitched by Alfild, a beautiful girl of the mountains and woods, half human, half fairy. Ingeborg (Miss Catherine Robertson) is loved by Hemming, henchman to Arne fra Guldvik, her father; and her scenes of charming coquettishness with the puzzled Hemming were fine comedy. The game of cross-purposes proceeds, at times coming perilously near to tragedy, until at last the lovers find their true mates and the happy ending ensues. This happy ending, by the way, comes too swiftly and violently to be either natural or artistic; the machinery seems to jar slightly; the steam is turned on too suddenly, if we may use such a metaphor; everybody is reconciled with such haste that one imagines the author tired of his play. With this reservation, the play is one of strong poetic beauty, and it was interpreted, at any rate by the principal characters, in a way which left little to be desired. Mr. Townley Searle as Arne fra Guldvik would have been much more impressive had he spoken less rapidly; his words flowed forth at a tremendous rate, and the effect of some sentences was lost; but he brought out the humorous touches of his part delightfully. To Miss Pax Robertson must go the honours. As Alfild, the mountain-maiden, she was charming; she excels in the art of graceful gesture, and her scenes with Olaf, where she has in turn to express love, mystification, and despair, exemplified acting of a very high order. Mr. Valentine Penna as Olaf, bewildered by his own mental state, desperate with longing for the mysterious Alfild, conveyed the difficult character well, and his outburst in the second Act thrilled the audience. The part of Dame Kirsten Liliekrans, Olaf's mother, was excellently taken by Miss Gladys Jones, and Mr. Ned Llewelyn portrayed Hemming satisfactorily.

The play has been translated by Miss C. A. Arfwedson, as far as one can judge, in a most capable and comprehending manner, and at the close she responded to an enthusiastic call. We note that on Thursday, June 29th, Miss Arfwedson will lecture on "Ibsen as a Lover," at The Studio, 65A, Long Acre.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

THE large and constantly increasing number of British motorists who appreciate the delights of Continental touring will note with satisfaction that all legal speed-limits for motor-cars are to be abolished in France. According to the well-informed Paris correspondent of the *Motor*, the plenary Commission charged with the drawing up of the new French road code has not only arrived at this decision, but has also decreed that the objectionable practice of issuing a summons without having given any notification at the time of the alleged offence is to be entirely prohibited. Hitherto, country policemen in France have been permitted to take the number of a car as it was running by, without making any attempt to stop it, taking out a summons later for exceeding the speed-limit. As might be expected, the enlightened common sense of the French nation as a whole has militated against any general or harsh enforcement of either this regulation or that of the speed-limit, but it is just as well that they should both be finally removed from the Statute-book. The result of the experiment, so far as the abolition of all speed restrictions is concerned, will be watched with interest in this country, where

there is much difference of opinion as to the advisability or otherwise of imposing a legal limit. No unbiassed person can contend that our own system, with its undignified police "traps" and its arbitrarily-imposed fines, is satisfactory; and it is difficult to see how either of these objectionable features is to be dispensed with so long as there is to be any attempt to enforce a legal speed limit. But, on the other hand, the scorcher is still sufficiently in evidence among us to make one speculate as to what would be the result of the removal of all restrictions on speed in this country.

One of the noteworthy features of the development of the motor industry during the last few years has been the success which attended the policy adopted by several firms of concentrating upon the production and perfecting of one or two models of chassis, instead of manufacturing half a dozen or more of different types and powers. This has been especially exemplified in the case of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., the makers of the car which is now almost universally admitted to represent the highest degree of perfection hitherto attained in automobile design and construction. It is some four or five years since the directors of the company decided to confine themselves entirely to the manufacture of one model exclusively—six-cylinder, 40-50h.p.—and to this policy they have consistently adhered, with the result that no motor manufacturing concern in the country can point to a record of more continuous prosperity, and no car in the world has a higher reputation than the Rolls-Royce. In fact, for a long time past the output capacity of the big works in Derby has been quite inadequate to cope with the demand which has arisen both here and on the Continent for this famous British car; hence the recent formation of a French company, under the title of Automobiles Rolls-Royce, Ltd. (France), for the purpose of increasing the manufacturing facilities and dealing with the Continental demand. The new company acquires the right to make chassis similar to those now produced at Derby, and to sell them in any European country outside the United Kingdom under the name of Rolls-Royce, but the British company is represented by a majority on the board of directors and will, consequently, be in a position to direct its policy and ensure the maintenance of the high standard of excellence which has given the Rolls-Royce its commanding position in the automobile world.

For the European Aviation Circuit Race—Paris, Berlin, Brussels, London, Paris—forty entries have been received. It will consist of nine stages, with a day's interval for rest between each. In connection with the work of marking the course to be taken by the competitors in the English portion of the circuit, the organisers have enlisted the assistance of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, the route chosen being from Dover to Shoreham and from Shoreham to Hendon. The course will be marked by a series of large white arrows, 72ft. in length by 12ft. in width, placed at intervals on the ground in conspicuous places, smaller arrows being used intermediately. Captive balloons are also being utilised at certain points along the route. The whole course has been inspected by the Automobile Association and Motor Union Aviation Section, and the work of marking has been carried out with the thoroughness characteristic of the Association.

The "Automobile Association and Motor Union Handbook for 1911," which has just been issued, is the first to make its appearance since the amalgamation of the two great national motoring organisations. It is only issued to members, and its object is to acquaint them with all the advantages and facilities existing for their benefit, and to furnish them in the most concise and lucid form possible with legal and general information of value to them as motorists. The legal section has undergone considerable revision since the 1910 edition was issued, and now forms a

very useful and up-to-date summary of the motorist's numerous obligations, couched in clear and non-technical language. In order to retain the compactness of the work, the touring section, which was included in last year's Handbook, has been omitted from the present edition, a separate "Foreign Handbook," containing much additional foreign touring information, being now issued.

Two publications come to us from the London Motor Garage Co., Ltd., of Wardour-street, W., the representatives for Great Britain of the Charron car. One is their "Road-Atlas of Great Britain"—a handy little work which is specially to be commended for its lucidity and freedom from the mass of superfluous detail which spoils so many more pretentious publications of a similar nature. All the main roads of the kingdom are shown with the utmost clearness, and, in addition, the little book contains 150 selected routes in England, Wales, and Scotland, showing the intermediate mileages from town to town. The other publication is the Company's Tyre List for the present season. The London Motor Garage Co. are probably the largest retailers of motor tyres in the country, and one notes that prices are quoted for every well-known make and for all sizes. The list also contains some concise and really valuable hints on the selection, inflation, and care of tyres generally, those on the subject of correct inflation being particularly worth attention. A copy can be had post-free by any motorist on application to the company at the address mentioned.

MUSIC

THOSE are always pathetic moments when it has to be admitted that great artists, tried favourites and almost friends (though we never may have had the pleasure of speaking to them), are no longer what they once were. We are almost impatient with ourselves for our thoughts about their performance, and try to deceive ourselves into the belief that it is only some temporary cloud which is obscuring their light, or that the fault lies in us—that we are become hypercritical, or are not in the right mood to be properly impressed. We take refuge in the pleasures of memory, and live again through those hours when the brilliant artist educated as well as charmed us; we give free indulgence to our best feelings of gratitude for the enjoyments of the past, but presently we are forced to confess the truth. The coming on to the platform or stage of such and such an artist causes us no delightful, expectant thrill. Rather it brings a sense of painful anxiety, and when the performance is over all we can truthfully say is that it might have been worse. How hard it seems that this artist, who after years of continual study and unrelaxed effort, who after struggles, it may be, and disappointments, achieved and held so long a firm place in public favour, should now have to retire in favour of younger musicians. Of course it is inevitable, and wise persons would tell us not to worry about the fate of artists who have had their day, but to get the best we can from their successors. But people who truly love music often have more sympathy than practical wisdom in their natures, and they may be permitted to feel a keen regret when they are obliged to say of a favourite artist's performance, "We can no longer take any pleasure in it."

One is not conscious, however, of these kindly sentiments when there is no apparent justification for the failure of an artist's powers. We may be very sorry that M. Jean de Reszke and Signor Caruso (if the rumours about that great tenor are true) can sing no longer, because some affection of the vocal chords which surgical skill cannot remedy has menaced them, but had they begun to sing badly when at what should have been the height of their career we should

have been indignant rather than pitying. Now it certainly does happen that some artists lose their sense of style, come to depend on mannerisms and exaggerations, introduce common effects and tricks, and, in the case of vocalists, sometimes get uncertain in their intonation, when there is no apparent reason for it all, unless it is that success has spoiled them and made them careless, that they have withdrawn themselves from the wholesome discipline of fine criticism, and become a law unto themselves. How often have we heard French people (and not only French people) declare that when an actor leaves the Paris theatre and tours triumphantly among audiences who have not been trained to know what the best acting is deterioration is sure to set in in that actor's style! Are not some of the highly-educated Russians telling us at this moment that the great dancers who delight us so much are no longer the perfect artists they were when they danced only in St. Petersburg, environed and shielded by the fine traditions of the Opera House there? It would seem that "world tours" have done their art no little harm, and there are not a few English and French critics who say the same thing.

We heard the other day, and were even sorry to hear, an artist who once had an almost unequalled power to delight us, Mme. Yvette Guilbert. She ought to be just as artistic as ever, but is she? The personal charm is no doubt still there, and a very great deal of the old skill. But have not the little tricks which used to be so delicate, the refinements of style which told just enough of the story and left to the imagination just what ought to be left, have not these become exaggerated and coarsened? Among the fifteen songs which Mme. Guilbert sang to illustrate fifteen types of women were several we have heard her sing over and over again in years past, and now, alas! the thing was overdone, over-accentuated, in some cases it was nearly spoiled. Though sincerely distressed to find ourselves so much disappointed, we could not feel the sorrow we should have felt had old age and weariness overtaken Mme. Guilbert and diminished her powers. Once she was a very great artist. We are afraid that she is not now so great as she was, though undoubtedly she still could be did she so choose.

Another singer who has grieved us lately in the same sort of way is that splendid artist Mme. Julia Culp, to whose singing it used to be sheer delight to listen a year or two ago. At her last recital, though she was in good voice, she was by no means always perfect in tune; she seemed careless about the tone of her middle notes, and, what was more noticeable still, she over-elaborated details to such an extent in some of her songs that the singing became restless and fatiguing. Formerly Mme. Culp sang with a noble simplicity; the other day she too often sang like a self-conscious artist, like one who was too anxious to "make points" and make effect. May she soon return to her earlier and better style! Yet another singer, one whom Time cannot spare much longer, is still, in all essentials, as fine an artist as ever she was. We refer to Mme. Melba. It is true that in the florid music of the first Act of "*Roméo et Juliette*" she has no longer the ease and beauty of tone which used to charm as well as dazzle us, and the very high notes are not beautiful now. But that cannot be helped, though we may be allowed to wish that the singer herself would recognise the fact. But in the suave and extremely vocal phrases of the second and third Acts the quality of tone is still miraculous, and the singing is as finished and perfect as ever it was. Whatever "superior" people may say about this opera, we will maintain that it was always worth while going to hear it, if only to hear Mme. Melba chant the tender melody of her first address to Roméo in the second Act. Even Patti herself did not sing this passage more beautifully.

Covent Garden has surely acquired two very valuable

recruits in MM. Franz and Gilly. In the part of Roméo M. Franz frequently over-sang himself and got out of tune, and was too loud in the duets for Mme. Melba; but his voice is fine, warm, rich, and he has sincerity and fervour. Since the days of M. de Reszke we do not think there has been a better Roméo, and in "*O jour de deuil*" he was so good as to remind us strongly of his great predecessor. M. Gilly was an admirable Mercutio. It may be that the colour of his voice is too uniform, but it is a noble voice, and M. Gilly has plenty of variety, and a skill in treating his phrases lightly and effectively, which augur well for his future success. The history of the career of Gounod's "*Roméo*" in England is not without its warning to impetuous critics. Long ago it was found to have no melody, even as "*Faust*" before it. Had not Madame Patti insisted on singing it once a year its very existence would have been forgotten. Then the De Reszkes took it up, aided by Melba, and it became the most popular opera of its time, adored by the very people who now find it so thin and faded—"So very inferior to Puccini!"

A pianist who certainly must not be included in the list of artists who imperil their greatness by exaggeration or carelessness is M. Rosenthal. Though he has been playing a good many years he shows no tendency to rely upon his already acquired reputation. On the contrary, he plays better and better. One is inclined to hazard the guess that his own enjoyment in his perfectly-phrased Beethoven and his splendidly happy Schumann is greater than in his amazing feats of virtuosity in Liszt and Chopin. But he would not be human if he did not also enjoy the power he has of keeping a just balance between his passages of seeming frenzy and those where his tranquil touch is so mellifluous. It were vain to try and describe how he went from strength to strength in his attack on the impossibilities of Liszt's "*Masaniello*" Fantasia. He was as accurate as he was audacious, and it was wonderful to hear.

SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

THE PALAIS-ROYAL—II.

BY MARC LOGÉ

WITH time the puppet-show lost its novelty, and Delomel, who appears to have possessed an initiative character, slipped one evening a real child on the stage, in the midst of the marionettes—a real child contented to gesticulate as did its wooden partners. This innovation having provoked a renewed interest in the Beaujolais, he engaged several other children, so that gradually the "*fantoccini*" were excluded and replaced by small girls and boys. At first these performers only mimicked their rôles, but little by little they began to speak, and to answer the actors in the wings. The Beaujolais made a full house each night, as all Paris was talking of these astonishing children. Nevertheless the police soon intervened, for among the Beaujolais' most ardent enemies were to be numbered the Opéra, the Comédie Italienne, and the austere Comédie Française, whose house was deserted in favour of the Beaujolais, situated only a few hundred yards away. These three influential theatres obtained at last a judgment stipulating that the Beaujolais should be closed, much to the despair of its management and of its habitual audience. One of the directors took upon himself to go and see Mme. Necker, wife of the great minister, who was also a distant relation of his. Thanks to her gracious intercession he obtained permission for the Beaujolais to have, "besides the non-breathing figures which appeared on the scene, pantomimes, and even comedies, played by young children, on condition that other actors, hidden, should speak and sing in their stead,

and they might even have a ballet in which the same children could appear. . . .” If these stipulations seem at present rather incomprehensible, we should remember that, at that epoch, “the Opéra alone granted the authorisation of singing, and the Comédie Française that of speaking in public theatres” in France. A few years later the Revolution was to sweep away all these ancient prejudices!

The Beaujolais reopened its doors, being in perfect order with all possible regulations; and the Opéra was condescending enough to allow the directors “to have airs sung on well-known vaudevilles, or even on new music which composers might bring them.” It is curious to note that, in order to have people sing in the plays represented on the stage, the Beaujolais paid an annuity of “133 livres, 6 sols, and 8 deniers” to the Royal Academy of Music!

Thus the Beaujolais, nicknamed “Les Mimes du Palais-Royal,” was officially recognised as a regular theatre, and, far from being astonished at seeing children mimicking on the stage whilst other people spoke for them in the wings, the audience seems to have considered this a remarkable improvement on the puppets! The small actors were so conscientious that they even carried their mimicking to the extent of opening their mouths at the right moment without emitting any sound; and theatrical records of the time state that they thus gave a very complete illusion of reality.

As was to be expected, bitter rivalries sprang up between the young actors and actresses, whose ages varied from nine to twelve years old. One, who was evidently of a violent temperament, went so far as to try to strangle a comrade to whom the management had given a good part. Happily these children were under the supervision of an “instituteur,” to whom was intrusted the task of teaching them how to gesticulate, &c. This “instituteur” was beloved by his young pupils, for he was kind, though severe, and very just. And by his encouraging voice and affectionate words he often soothed the enmities raging in the hearts of those small people.

The little actors were comparatively well paid, for we see in M. Louis Pericaud’s interesting work on the Théâtre Beaujolais that their salaries varied, according to their ages, from 500f. to 2,500f. a year. And we read with amusement in the same book this kind and thoughtful notice quoted from a directorial “avis” of 1788:—“Le spectacle des Beaujolais commence à cinq heures et demi pour permettre aux spectateurs d’aller prendre le frais du soir vers dix heures, sous les frais ombrages du Jardin du Palais-Royal.”

The Théâtre Beaujolais enjoyed great popularity until 1788, when unfortunately a scandal occurred. Several of the little actresses were now budding into young girls, whose youth and pretty faces drew to the “foyer” of the Beaujolais a swarm of rakes and men about town. Some of the children paid far too much attention to the flattering words of these beaux, with the result that certain facts were soon reported to the police. The authorities interfered, and the children were replaced by regular comedians, whilst a small show, “Le Musée des Enfants,” took in the little actors, who were thus compelled to leave the Beaujolais.

Deprived of its troop of children, which constituted its chief attraction, the poor Théâtre Beaujolais saw its receipts diminish considerably. Things went from bad to worse, for in 1789 Louis XVI., having let himself be overruled by the influence of his Court, dismissed Necker, who was extremely popular. The people were infuriated by this measure, and when the other ministers sent in their resignations popular wrath knew no limit. A terrible riot broke out; Camille Desmoulins harangued the crowd in the Palais-Royal Garden, and two days later the Bastille was captured by the indignant citizens. The Théâtre Beaujolais was obliged to close for the time being, and one of its directors retired.

The house was on the verge of bankruptcy, when Delomel managed to find sufficient funds to enable him to continue for a short time. The 20th of August, 1789, the Beaujolais was the scene of a tumult. An author, desirous no doubt of writing a “pièce d’actualité,” composed a vaudeville entitled “La Politique à la Halle,” in which were keenly caricatured some of the most prominent leaders of the Halles, or Central Markets, of Paris, which were destined to be the hotbed of the French Revolution. On hearing this, the “Dames et Forts de la Halle” conceived a great indignation, and went in a band to the Beaujolais to protest. There was a riot; several people were arrested, and the next day the Beaujolais was closed by order of the authorities.

THROUGH FRANCE IN A MOTOR

By FRANK HARRIS

THERE are two main routes for any one who wishes to go from Nice to Paris across the Alps: the one through Grasse and Castellane, the other along the Var by Puget-Théniers and St. André to Digne. The first way I took in 1898 with a friend, who brought over from Cannes the first motor-car in which I had ever driven, a George-Richard 5 or 7 h.p., I forget which, belt driven. I was delighted with the new plaything, and at once engaged the proprietor-chauffeur to take us across the Alps and by way of Grenoble and Geneva to Paris.

What a time we had on the road: we had to get out and push the car on every steep hill; we were always losing belts at night and having to search for them along the road in the dark. We took four days to get to Grenoble, and yet the experiences were all interesting, and now, in retrospect, delightful.

This trip was different; the car was a 35h.p. Mercedes landaulet. We left Nice at five in the afternoon of the 2nd of June, and ordered dinner at Digne at nine. Though the distance is only a hundred miles, the road is narrow and winding, and rises in places over 3,000ft. We ran out of Nice in perfect summer weather, and turned up the valley of the Var. The little stream is not famed for beauty; no one compares it with the Rhine, or Thames, or Hudson, but from Levens, say, perched on its crag 1,000ft. above the road on the right to St. André, some thirty miles away, it shows a variety of exquisite scenes that can compare with any in the world.

Near Villars the broad bed of the Var narrows to a stream; the valley becomes a defile or gorge, and the scenery grows continually wilder. Again and again the mountain walls, 1,000ft. in height, draw together in front of us, and make it difficult to believe that one can pass. On the left waterfall after waterfall tumbles down between the cliffs, while on the right the crags and shoulders of the great peaks and hummocks take on a hundred colours: now they are pine-clad and sombre green, now laughing gay with golden rain of broom. Several of the scenes are sublime in wild beauty. Puget-Théniers, though a pleasant little place, has little of the charm of Entrevaux, which is a seventeenth-century stronghold throned on the Var itself. The only approach is by a bridge, half of which is bridge, and the further half drawbridge. The walls of the houses fall sheer into the river, while here and there one sees a sentinel-tower, or *echaugette*, stuck against the wall 40ft. above the torrent in the quaintest way possible. On a rock perched 600ft. higher than the town stands the citadel as on a needle—a formidable nest of robbers in the later Middle Ages commanding both highway and river.

Steadily the road rises and the valley narrows; we pass

tunnel after tunnel cut out of the rock; here and there the red layers of stone are flecked with green patches of lichen—"the unimaginable touch of Time" that Wordsworth speaks of.

Some little way past Annot came the outstanding experience of this first day. It began to sleet and then to snow; we realised that we had ascended over 2,500ft. since leaving Nice. We were ringed about with high mountains, all snow-clad even in June. Approaching the Col de Saint Michel the road every now and then became a torrent; indeed in parts there was no road, only a mountain stream foaming across the way in a deep gully. We passed two motors broken down, but our trusty Mercédès went on as if the road were perfect, and in a little while, in spite of the warning of some soldiers that the road had been altogether swept away, we ran down the hill into St. André safe and sound in the gathering dusk. After lighting up, we reached Digne a little after nine, and at the Hôtel Boyer-Mistre found an excellent dinner and comfortable beds at a most reasonable price.

On starting we agreed that the scenery on the first day had been so wonderful that we could not expect a new sensation for some time. But the second day provided unexpected pleasures. On leaving Digne at 10 o'clock in the morning one realised how delightfully it was placed with mountains of 6,000ft. or 8,000ft. in height guarding it on two sides. For some distance we ran beside the river Bleone; within an hour we came to the little hamlet of Malijai, where we discovered an old door with the date above it in stone—1682. A little further on we reached the village of Château Arnoux, with a château of the Renaissance in fair preservation the door was good, the staircase and many of the rooms fine, the windows mullioned in Renaissance crosses.

The road grew more and more picturesque. We swept across a new suspension bridge, at the junction of the Durance and the Buech, and were soon in Sisteron. The far side of the town is crowned by a citadel on a crag some 300ft. or 400ft. above the streets. We ran out under a battlemented gate and stopped ravished. Below us on the right ran the Buech, a mountain torrent, the other side of the river was dominated by an immense triangular rock, the precipitous face of which was all striated as with huge coils of rope, the Mont de la Baume, 1,149 metres in height, or quite 1,600ft. above us. The citadel on one hand, the great pyramid of cliff on the other, and between them the battlemented gate and the foaming torrent—nothing more picturesque could be seen.

From Sisteron we had a choice of roads to Grenoble, and we chose the more direct, and had no reason to regret it, for the scenery grew wilder and more beautiful continually as the road ran steadily upwards.

Suddenly I became aware that the road was descending rapidly, and a moment later I recognised it as the place where fourteen years before in our little George-Richard car we had killed a ram which had charged the auto. My first impression of the delights of automobile driving was gained on this descent. As the little car, free of the engine, swam down the road the mountain peaks on our left seemed to rise higher and higher momentarily, giving an impression of peculiar grandeur and aloofness as if the mountains were withdrawing themselves majestically from our too curious scrutiny. Nothing more delightful than this mountain pass, which I take to be the Col du Fau, have I seen from that day to this.

The great mountains on either hand are pine-clad almost to the summits. But amongst the usual pines are darker pines, looking for all the world like black soldiers, here parked in battalions, here running off into a point as if the blacks were climbing to the assault. Amid the pines are

jewelled clearings where the grass shines in tender spring-green like *cau de nil*. On our right a gorge hundreds of feet below us, and as we swing round the first curve we look out over fifty or sixty miles of country outspread as in an ordnance map. Here and there, half hidden in the folds of the valleys, little red-roofed villages. We look back again at the pine-clad mountains we are leaving, and are surprised by another wonder. Behind the piney heights there is a higher range of mountains, all ermine clad even on this summer evening. As we turn again swinging down the road, we come in full view of Mont Aiguille. Mont Aiguille, over 6,000ft. in height, looks for all the world like a shape of blancmange cut in porphyry. For centuries it was called one of the wonders of the Dauphiny, and was regarded as inaccessible. There is an almost flat prairie on top of 1,000 metres in length. It was scaled first in 1492 by Antoine de Ville, a courtier of Charles VIII., with eight comrades, among whom were an *eschelleur* and a priest. The view is simply entrancing and it changes every moment. Below us outspread a great undulating plain, with its little towns and hamlets dotted about, all ringed in with encircling snow-clad mountains. On the left the great Mont Aiguille. Forty miles off in front bastion on bastion.

Half an hour's run brought us to the little town of Monestier-de-Clermont, which we found was 2,500 feet above the sea-level, so the valley we looked out over is really a mountain plateau. Monestier-de-Clermont is a favourite resort for winter sports, and even now the air is sharp and invigorating. The little town was crowded with farmers; a fair was going on. The hotel, the Lion d'Or, was over-run, but we fared better than in far more pretentious hostelrys. The landlady waited; the landlord, a strong young fellow of about thirty, who was cook as well, prepared us an excellent steak with *soufflé* potatoes. The wine was fair, but afterwards there was an *eau de vie de Marc*—the favourite liqueur of General de Gallifet—which was excellent. The landlord said he had made it himself and kept it in cask more than seven years. After lunch we swept on over the gorgeous plateau to Grenoble; both of us agreeing that the scenery of the second day was even finer than the valley of the Var.

The next morning we got up early to visit the museum, but found it shut. Suddenly we realised that it was Whit Sunday. We knocked at the door, and an old woman opened it, to whom we explained our position: "Could we not come in?" "Certainly," she said. "My husband always leaves me in charge on the chance that someone may really want to come in." How French, how charming, how different from the rigorous English formalism, which would have kept the doors barred and bolted! After thanking her we went in and spent two gaudy hours.

First of all I found a contemporary portrait of Admiral Coligny, which gave me the real man. The great victim of the St. Bartholomew had always interested me, and here he was at length as he walked and talked. A pointed face with an aquiline, outjutting Roman nose, a little moustache and chin beard, almost heart-shaped and quite grey; the goatee beard a little whiter than the moustache, the texture of the hair very soft, like moss—grey moss. The eyes dark brown, with sidelong glance—suspicious; the mouth firm, though the lips are sensitive and well cut; the forehead rather broad than high—the cautious, ruminating face of a gentleman born into difficult conditions, but not a great face, anything but a great face.

Next I was struck by a picture of Fantin-Latour, "The Temptation of St. Antony," a lovely woman's form floating in a blue mist in the foreground; the Saint has turned his back to her and is examining, or pretending to examine, a Death's head. What a poor fool! one could not help thinking. Life and love and joy offered to him, and he

prefers to look at Death and commune with Death's loathly symbol. Love and the woman were the better choice.

Two pictures by Phillipe de Champaigne, to whom we owe the great portrait of Richelieu; a large one of Louis XIV. and his courtiers, a very dignified scene and pleasing to the eye. The second a portrait of the painter himself—a proud face with an artist's lips, and a certain love of the beautiful shown in the long, waving hair and the silky, soft down of moustache and beard.

But what took my eye especially were certain primitives, and notably a triptych of the Florentine school painted about 1430 in a serrated, wooden Gothic frame of the period. These early masters were not perhaps able to paint as well as the later ones, but their vision of life was more sincere, and their personages living, recognisable men and women.

From the gallery of paintings we passed through to the gallery of sculpture, a gallery filled with masterpieces of primitive artists of a dozen different races. Here was a bust of a lady found in Palmyra, and lo! she has straight, Grecian features, and wears necklets with brooches attached, and armlets painted to represent gold. Human nature has not altered much in twenty centuries. Here, too, are mediæval saints from Savoy in wood and marble, stone and pottery, of a hundred different styles, and round the walls Gothic chests of exquisite workmanship, and Renaissance *cassoni* where the wood has flowered into shapes of beauty.

The most popular work of art in the collection, according to the guardian, is a large picture, "The Arrest of Charlotte Corday," by H. Scheffer; but both painting and drawing are second-rate, and the heroine's face is utterly uninspired. This girl's story is one of the great stories of all time, and some day or other a master will make a world-epic of it.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

A SUGGESTION: THE KING AND QUEEN TO VISIT PARIS

THE Coronation, which has brought to London a brilliant assemblage composed of distinguished representatives of all the Thrones and nations in the world and of all our overseas Dominions and possessions, is in any case destined to make the year memorable in the history of the British Empire. But in consequence of the splendid initiative and faultless tact of our gracious Sovereign—those supreme qualities of true kingship inherited from an illustrious father—it is no exaggeration to add that not only will the year be memorable for this imposing display of Royal pomp and circumstance in the capital itself, but it will be characterised by a remarkable series of events calculated to shame and stem the petty strife of warring factions, and to excite spontaneous outbursts of loyal devotion such as we hope will ring and re-echo in all quarters of the Empire the clear note of British strength and British solidarity. In short, 1911 will be a Royal year, and, above all, essentially an Imperial one.

The monarch who, when heir to the Throne, gave to the nation that invigorating watchword, "Wake up, England!" has himself not been slow to set a practical example. After being crowned in the capital he is to visit his people in Wales, in Ireland, and in Scotland. That, in order to meet the wishes of his subjects, he has in his wisdom not hesitated to create precedents is manifest from his decision to undertake a magnificent mission to distant India, no less than from his sanction to the Investiture of the Prince of Wales in the ancient Principality itself. His early associa-

tion with the Navy, and the spirit of thoroughness in which, when Heir-Apparent, he embarked on extensive journeyings to the outposts of Empire, spread wide the conviction that, like his immortal predecessor, he would make a virile monarch and, above all, a monarch with an adequate recognition of Imperial responsibilities and a thorough knowledge of Imperial needs. It is not presumption to say that in those days the lofty conception of duty in Royal father and Royal son was ideal in its adaptation to the complex requirements of the British Empire. Among the kings of the world our late Sovereign was known as the kingly Ambassador of peace; and of King George, before he ascended the Throne, it can be truthfully said that his rôle was that of the princely missionary of Imperialism.

Many and onerous are the demands made upon Royal attention, and perhaps it is not sufficiently realised that the youthful age of the Heir-Apparent does not permit of any delegation of activity on the part of the King; while the appointment of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught to the Governor-Generalship of Canada will deprive his Majesty of some very valuable assistance at present at his disposal. In these circumstances, and, moreover, when we consider that the claims upon the time of the monarch have increased with the expansion of the Empire, it is clear that the burden of work that centres round the Throne is as enormous as it is varied. Yet thus early has King George shown that he is determined to maintain the influence of the British monarchy as a living factor in the world's diplomacy and as a bulwark of the world's peace. The visit of the German Emperor to this country, though the occasion was of a semi-private nature mainly arising from family associations, had none the less a special and a welcome significance. Then, if rumour be correct, the Tsar is expected shortly to pay a visit to British waters, a circumstance that not inconceivably augurs something more than cousinly amity.

To place the coping-stone upon the grand edifice of this year's Royal accomplishment it only remains for one other engagement to be arranged—a visit of the King and Queen to Paris. In view of the extensive nature of their Majesties' programme we would hesitate to make a suggestion of this kind were we not convinced that its adoption would have an important bearing, and perhaps a very positive and beneficial effect, upon our higher policy. We are inclined to go even farther and to say that some such substantial manifestation of British goodwill towards our friends the French people is imperatively called for at an early date. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the opinion widely prevails, not only in France but also throughout Europe, that Great Britain has become so preoccupied in domestic cavil as to be an almost negligible quantity in the world's diplomacy. Whether or not the circumstances fully warrant this belief is obviously outside the scope of the present discussion; nor is it our intention at the moment to seek to fix responsibility for such a lamentable state of affairs, presuming it to exist, upon any political party or faction in the land. But it is certainly not inopportune to observe here that the pronouncements of a peripatetic Chancellor of the Exchequer, out for a holiday, on a subject of such high consequence as the *Entente Cordiale*, mingled as they were with spicy interviews accorded to editors of socialistic journals, do not tend to impress the French Government and the French people with our political seriousness in the domain of Foreign Affairs. On the contrary, it can with reason be argued that such palpable indiscretions will only help to accentuate the feeling abroad that, as a result of inhaling too deeply the breezy ozone of our domestic atmosphere, statesmen in power have developed an exuberance dangerously bordering on irrationality.

After all, the farther away the control, or even the

influencing, of Foreign Affairs can be removed from the party controversy of home affairs, and, for the matter of that, from the personalities of those engaged in the forefront of such controversy, the better it will be for the real interests of the country. So long as serious courtesy remains the essential spirit, and ceremonial dignity the most fitting outward manifestation, of modern diplomacy, the conduct of the higher policy of States must be left to the select company of Sovereigns and to their Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors. Frequently more beneficial results are achieved from a brief interchange of visits between neighbouring monarchs than from any other means existing in the maintenance of international relations. In this connection it is only necessary to cite the already memorable meeting at Potsdam between the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Russia. Our late King was, literally speaking, at home in every capital of Europe, and was beloved not of one but of many peoples. It stands to reason that the present occupant of the Throne has not had the same opportunities of making himself acquainted with European Courts and nations, but it goes without saying that his gifted accomplishments and manly virtues would exercise the same influence in the cause of peace as did those of his late Majesty. Therefore we suggest that as the *Entente Cordiale*, with its corollary the Triple *Entente*, is the keystone of our Foreign policy, a start in kingly diplomacy should be made with a visit to Paris. This visit would undeniably produce wholesome results, for not only would it remove the suspicions to which we have already alluded concerning our lukewarm attitude towards our friends, but it would reaffirm with unmistakable emphasis the existence of the Triple *Entente* as an invigorating factor in the affairs of Europe, thus giving an effectual quietus to the mischief-makers who of late have been busily occupied in persuading themselves of its decease by the very simple process of compiling and publishing on their own account its obituary notice.

THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST.

It will be recalled that in describing the conditions in Albania last week I altogether refused to believe the assurances of the Ottoman Government that the crisis was at an end. As a matter of fact heavy fighting has since taken place on the frontier, and the Turkish forces are being largely augmented in order to deal with the situation in a drastic manner. Both Montenegro and Turkey have again protested to the Powers, the one declaring that the other is responsible for the continuance of anarchy and disorder. Germany has frankly declared herself to be the friend of Turkey by suggesting that the Powers should insist upon Montenegro observing a more correct attitude in the future. But the difficulty of arriving at a settlement lies in the fact that the insurgents, embittered by their experience of the past, are suspicious of Turkey's promises of reform, which they regard as merely a ruse for the purpose of inducing them to give up their arms. In all the circumstances it is not easy to see how they can be persuaded of Turkey's sincerity in the matter, nor is it possible to devise any solution in the direction of a European guarantee of Turkish good faith. Meanwhile Austria and Italy are tending pacificatory advice at Cettigne, but they can hardly be gratified at the blunt intrusion of Germany in the delightful rôle of Turkey's only friend. It would seem that the Triple Alliance is divided against itself. Surely the moment has arrived for the Triple *Entente* to establish its prestige in the Balkans. Such an end can only be obtained by our loyally supporting the policy of Russia, and that of Austria and Italy in so far as it is consistent with the aims of Russia.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15 Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVERY one in the City is, more or less, a loyal person, with a natural tendency to conserve the present conditions of the world. But the loyalty of the City would be severely strained if it were compelled to assist at many Coronations. Business has been at an almost complete standstill for weeks past, and no one expects any revival until King George has been safely crowned. Why such an event should not only prevent investors from investing their money, but also utterly stop speculators from gambling, is a question not even the most acute psychologist could answer. We deal with facts in the City, and the fact that the crowning of a King acts as an antidote to the gambling fever is a proved certainty.

We are all much annoyed at the way we have been treated over the Chinese Loan. It was an international affair. It was backed by four nations. It was cheap and it was safe. Therefore everybody agreed that it would go to a premium—which it did. And most of us sent in our applications. But the faint-hearted got absolutely nothing, and no one who applied for £1,000 got more than £100, whilst those who asked for £5,000 only got £200, and so on in proportion. This is the way the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank people play the game. It is really much less trouble, and almost as cheap, to buy stock in the open market at a small premium than to be put to the trouble of sending in a cheque for a big amount only to be disappointed.

The Platinum and Gold Company that proposes to dredge in Columbia does not appear to have met with a warm reception, and I am not surprised, for the prospectus calmly disregards the ordinary rules of the City, and gives us no proper report, only vague stories by local people. The Dangar Rubber Company has two good men on the Board in the shape of Harrison and Henly. They are as experienced rubber-planters as we can get. The land is cheap, but who wants rubber companies to-day? They are out of fashion. Those who must invest in rubber can buy into proved concerns round about par. Still, any one who takes shares and is prepared to wait three or four years will probably get his 10 per cent. dividend.

We are promised an Aviation Company with a moderate Board. The venture proposes to buy some land at Lingfield and erect sheds. It will teach people to fly with aeroplanes and generally annoy Mr. Winston Churchill, who hates flying men more than he fears militant suffragettes. The future of such a concern is more than doubtful, and I am afraid it will succeed even less than did the Grahame White Blériot Company.

MONEY does not worry us these dull days. The Lombard Street bill brokers are glad enough to take good bills at even $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But whether this low price will last seems doubtful. The Bank position does not seem to have been much affected by the Birkbeck stoppage, but I write this before the figures for the current week are issued. The purchase of the goodwill and premises by the London County and Westminster shows enterprise, but more pluck would have saved the bank. All the great Joint Stock Banks knew that the Birkbeck must close, and I am astounded that none of them purchased before the closing of the doors. They would have secured many millions of deposits. That they did not do it would seem to show that the depreciation in securities was much greater than appears on the surface.

FOREIGNERS are stupidly idle, and, although there are still a few stale bulls of Peru who wish to unload, the rest of

the market has nothing to do except watch the very rich gamblers buy Rio Tinto. The Paris people are short, and as the Yankees will put up copper if they can Tintos seem safe for a further rise. Russians are steady, but no one in England buys this fine investment.

HOME RAILS are now so full of dividend that they look cheaper than ever. The traffics continue to be good, and Lancashire and Yorkshire are still one of the cheapest stocks in the Railway market. Great Northerns are also under-priced. They quickly rose when it was found that all the dealers were short. But we must not imagine that because the dealers are short of stock that there are no bulls about. Almost all the buyers of the heavy lines pawn their stock with Banks, and thus a hidden bull account exists side by side with an apparent bear account. I do not think that any of the Banks will shake out their clients this side of the half-year. They did their shake out a week or two back, and those who are now in are the solid folks whose accounts are worth keeping, and whose credit is good. I think that no one can go wrong in buying the really sound stocks, such as London and North Western, Great Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Great Easterns. But I do not like the perpetual puffs of Great Central. I am afraid that a big bull account has been built up here, in which case we may see considerable realisation when the accounts are published. Nevertheless the 1894 preference look fairly cheap.

YANKIES are a see-saw market. The bucket shops puff Eries and Steels, and as a result we see a most unsteady market in both securities. I do not believe the stories about the purchase of Erie. The line is doing fairly well, but I do not think Morgans will let it go. The tale has probably been put about with the idea of unloading. Rocks are talked much higher, and this by sober-minded people, who do not like small Yankees as a rule. I have no news from the other side worth telling. What I have is rather bearish. The trade in the West is not good, and though Wall-street talks big the large bankers advise caution. It seems to me that Yankee rails are best left alone.

RUBBER is sick, but the jobbers are buying back their shares, and this has given the whole market tone. The public declines to come in. It lost heavily in rubber, for it got in at the top and has never been able to get out. I see no reason why any one should buy to-day, for unless the Americans can absorb the huge stocks in Para and Manaos raw rubber is not likely to rise. 2s. 6d. a pound profit is the outside figure that can be made by the best plantation to-day, and next year this profit may fall to 1s. The outputs will not increase, for more of the companies have over-tapped their young trees, and will pay the penalty in reduced production for the next few years. The rubber boom is definitely over, and the companies must now stand the racket of severe industrial competition in a falling market.

OIL.—The Mexican Eagle is doing well and the shares are being bought. Spies has declared a good dividend, but the price has reached a figure that does not tempt me. They say that the oil war is over in the East, and Shells and Burmahs may rise. But Maikop seems under a cloud.

KAFFIRS are not fashionable. No one wants to gamble in Mines, and we must wait until the dealers are even more short than they are to-day. The dividends are now mostly declared, and on the whole are good. But they will be better next time, for an effort is to be made to cut down expenses and increase outputs.

RHODESIANS are on the up-grade, and Rhodesia Exploration, the leading share in the market, is not expensive even to-day. The combine is now solidly built up, and if no one "rats" we may expect a steady market. But I see no hope of any boom.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BERNARD SHAW AT CAMBRIDGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems to me that Mr. Austin H. Johnson's resentment is of a somewhat narrow form, otherwise his advocacy of Mr. Shaw's teaching would not have been based upon the weaknesses of other opposing forces.

Does he really desire us to accept Shavian tenets upon the understanding that the "Christian religion" can be so modified to fit them? Or does his (Mr. Johnson's) desire assume even meaner proportions—proportions limited, like the desire of Bernard Shaw himself, to the glorification of self-idolatry—Johnsonianism with a helpful flavour of Shavian notoriety? The peculiar nature of Mr. Johnson's sensitiveness to criticism leads one to think so.

Who is this Bernard Shaw—this Socialistic idealist—that his morality or public preaching should not be subject to question? There is a vast gulf between Bernard Shaw, dramatist and entertainer, and Bernard Shaw, public instructor. Mr. Shaw is free to amuse us to his heart's content, but when his aim is to destroy or "undermine conviction, and to sap the centuries-old foundation of civilised communion," as the Editor of THE ACADEMY rightly and justly surmises, then it was about time such an aim experienced some sort of a check.

Again, one requires patience and pity to read Mr. Johnson's letter. It is so superficial in its blatant anger. I will pick out, for example, one conspicuous crudity. Mr. Johnson includes Christ in his category of "great religious teachers whose whole object has always been 'to undermine conviction,' &c." Man never made a grosser misstatement.

Let me inform Mr. Johnson that Christ's whole object was the destruction of Pharisaism and not Judaism—the false worship of God, not the true worship. Hence Mr. Johnson will no doubt see the truth contained in the words, "Ubi spiritus ibi ecclesia."—Yours obediently,

H. C. D.

P.S.—Christianity is pure Judaism, else it has no meaning. It cannot be modified to fit modern kinds, any more than it was found to fit with Judaic kinds, of Pharisaism.

"CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN POETRY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not wish to occupy your space unduly. There are two letter-writers in your issue of the 17th, however, who should be answered:—

(a) If Mr. Savage will send on the poems which are "not his own," but "as good of their kind as anything since Keats," I will consider them from a publisher's point of view; but I must warn him that I am not the proprietor here—only a servant—who am not galloping to be fined, imprisoned, or robbed by bad investments of the working capital entrusted to me.

(b) As to "R. M."—his assumption that Professor Bithell needs sympathy for "the treatment he has received at my hands" may make the Professor smile. Why "R. M." should drag in the word "insincere" in respect to myself I cannot divine. I am a publisher, and publishers, unfortunately, are not poets, but men called upon hourly to face unpleasant commercial aspects, among which are "mutilations"—to gratify famous Mrs. Grundy. It is unfortunate that, according to "R. M.," I do not "possess a sincere feeling for art," for some best masters in theoretical, vocal, and instrumental art have been endeavouring to inoculate me with this quality, and this has cost me many years and many guineas. But I confess "R. M." has placed me in a quandary. I cannot be an artist in business—only when I get home to my pianoforte after business hours. In business I am perforce on all fours with the butcher, undertaker, "bookie," and other tradesmen. Hence my wicked behaviour towards Professor Bithell and "Contemporary Belgian Poetry."—Your obedient servant,

FREDERICK J. CROWEST, Editor and General Manager
(For the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.)

Felling-on-Tyne.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- The Battle of Souls.* By Hugh Naybard. J. and J. Gray and Co., Edinburgh.
- The Sovereign Power.* By Mark Lee Luther. Illustrated by Chase Emerson. Macmillan and Co. 6s.
- Builders of Ships.* By Marie Connor Leighton. With Frontispiece. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.
- The Coronation of George King. A Lincolnshire Idyll.* By Kate Horn. Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.
- Love—and the People.* By Edith Anne Stewart. Lynwood and Co. 6s.
- A Maid of the Malverns: A Romance of the Blackfriars Theatre.* By T. H. Porter. Lynwood and Co. 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Clouds of Aristophanes.* With Introduction, English Prose Translation, Critical Notes and Commentary, including a new Transcript of the Scholia in the Codex Venetus Marcianus 474. By W. J. M. Starkie, Hon. LL.D. Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.
- The Indelible Factor of Individual Sentient Life.* By Godfrey Burchett. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.
- Some Reflections on the Drama—and Shakespeare.* By Arthur Bourchier. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.
- Civil War. A Play in Four Acts* by Ashley Dukes. Stephen Swift. 2s. net.
- A Still More Sporting Adventure!* Humbly dedicated to the Authoresses of "An Adventure," and Transcribed by the Misses Lavinia and Priscilla Daisyfield. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.
- Builders of Nations: New Light on the Duties of Motherhood.* By Margaret Burke. Greening and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Vision of the King. A Coronation Souvenir* by Regina Miriam Bloch. Greening and Co. 6d. net.
- The Book of the English Oak.* By Charles Hurst. Illustrated. Lynwood and Co. 5s. net.
- "Chicot" in America.* By Keble Howard. Frontispiece. Hutchinson and Co. 1s. net.
- The Coast Scenery of North Devon.* By E. A. Newell Arber, M.A. Illustrated. J. M. Dent and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.
- Nova Scotia: the Province that has been Passed By.* By Beckles Willson. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.
- India and Imperial Preference.* By V. G. Kale, M.A. "Wednesday Review" Press, Trichinopoly. 4 annas.
- The Renaissance of the Nineties.* By W. G. Blaikie Murdoch. The De La More Press. 1s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- Scots in Canada: A History of the Settlement of the Dominion from the Earliest Days to the Present Time.* By John Murray Gibbon. With Illustrations in Colour by C. C. Cuneo and C. M. Sheldon. Kegan Paul and Co. 1s. net.
- A History of British Mammals. Part VII.* By Gerald E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, F.Z.S. Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson. Gurney and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Hon. Mr. V. Krishnaswami Tyer. A Sketch.* "The Wednesday Review" Press, Trichinopoly. 4 annas.

EDUCATIONAL

- Report of a Conference on the Teaching of Arithmetic in London Elementary Schools, Dec., 1906—Dec., 1908.* P. S. King and Son. 1s.
- Europe in Pictures.* By H. Clive Barnard, M.A. A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.
- Manual of English Pronunciation and Grammar for the Use of Dutch Students.* By J. H. A. Günther. New and Revised Edition. J. B. Wolters, Groningen. 4s. 6d.

VERSE

- The Crucible of Time, and other Poems.* By Darrell Figgis. J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Little City.* By Wilfred Rowland Childe. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.
- Poems.* By Bruce E. Money. Jarrold and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.
- Songs by the Way.* By Margaret Blaikie. A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.
- Wishing Wood, and other Verses.* By Agnes S. Falconer. A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.

PERIODICALS

- The Literary Digest; Cambridge University Reporter; The Book-seller; University Correspondent; La Revue; Publishers' Circular; Economic Journal; Mercure de France; United Empire; Journal of the Imperial Arts League Incorporated; Revue Bleue; The Triad; Parisiana Summer Annual; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Atlantic Monthly.*

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

- Dürer—All books illustrated by Dürer.
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 Frezzi—Quadrivreggio, Firenze, 1508.
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 Ortus sanitatis } XVth cent.
 All liturgical books of the XVth cent.
 Nitschewits—Psalterium B.M. Virg.,
 Tsenne (1492).
 Platen—Opus restitutionum, 1475.
 All books printed for Ant. Vêrard of
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- Bettini—Il monte santo di Dio. Fiorenza,
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 de Gregoria, 1492.
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